

TESSAKU



ISSUE ONE

TULE LAKE

STORIES OF THE JAPANESE INCARCERATION



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DEDICATION + CREDITS

FOR OUR FAMILIES



*I have always
been fascinated
by the history of
the camps.*

Ever since I was young, my deep interest in it has been unexplainable, better described as an innate need to understand what happened to my family. I had always sensed that my father, who was five years old when the war broke out, had locked this part of his life deep away in the recesses of his heart. Opening it up, examining his experience, was just an unwelcome sadness but one that I insisted on facing together year after year. As conversations started off fragmented but became more fluid, I discovered that the profound hurt that came with being ridiculed as a child for his ethnicity didn't just vanish because he had aged, had a career, raised a family. The depths of his hurt are still unknown - and perhaps always will be - but at the very least, I now had his story.

When I think about the generational reverberations of the incarceration, I've been disturbed by the fact that it shook the Japanese American community to its core, throwing an entire ecosystem into such disarray that still, there's no real way of ever knowing what those communities would look like today had they been left untouched. I, like so many other people who are descendents of camp survivors, wonder in admiration at the strength found after our families were released: How did they all get back on their feet without ever whispering one complaint?

When it comes to my grandparents, who were born in California but received all of their education in Japan, I often think about the dissonance between country and heritage, and that just because you're born American doesn't mean that the destruction of Japan - the homeland of your parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents - doesn't break your heart, or break you. Certainly, for my grandfather, I think this was the case.

For those of us who are Yonsei, or fourth generation Japanese Americans, we've dealt with the fallout of the war in subtle, more invisible ways. Our parents' need to survive in a hostile post-war America and the losing of heritage, cultural traditions and language through assimilation is an unquantifiable loss that many of us are grappling

with more and more. And yet what we do have is the luxury of indignation. Unlike the first generation migrants, who often felt like they were "guests" in America, today we are entitled to speak up loudly and usually without punishment. But staying indignant and angry is often a painful place to be. Instead the imagining of something better, of keeping our parents, grandparents and great-grandparents alive through story, is at the heart of Tessaku.

HOW DID THEY ALL
GET BACK ON THEIR
FEET WITHOUT EVER
WHISPERING ONE
COMPLAINT?





AN ORIGINAL COPY OF TESSAKU, COURTESY OF SATSUKI INA

In this issue, you'll read the story of my family's experience during and after the war. In kicking off a printed Tessaku series, I felt it was only fair that I share the same that I ask of others. You'll read about my dad's vivid memories of living in the Santa Anita horse stables, seeing his dad get arrested and watching the unrest between the Nisei and Kibei in Tule Lake bubble to the surface. Through photographs and government records, you'll read how my grandfather's life in camp unfolded to become a tumultuous event. You will also be able to read a transcription of his redress testimony, and access a link online to hear the original audio.

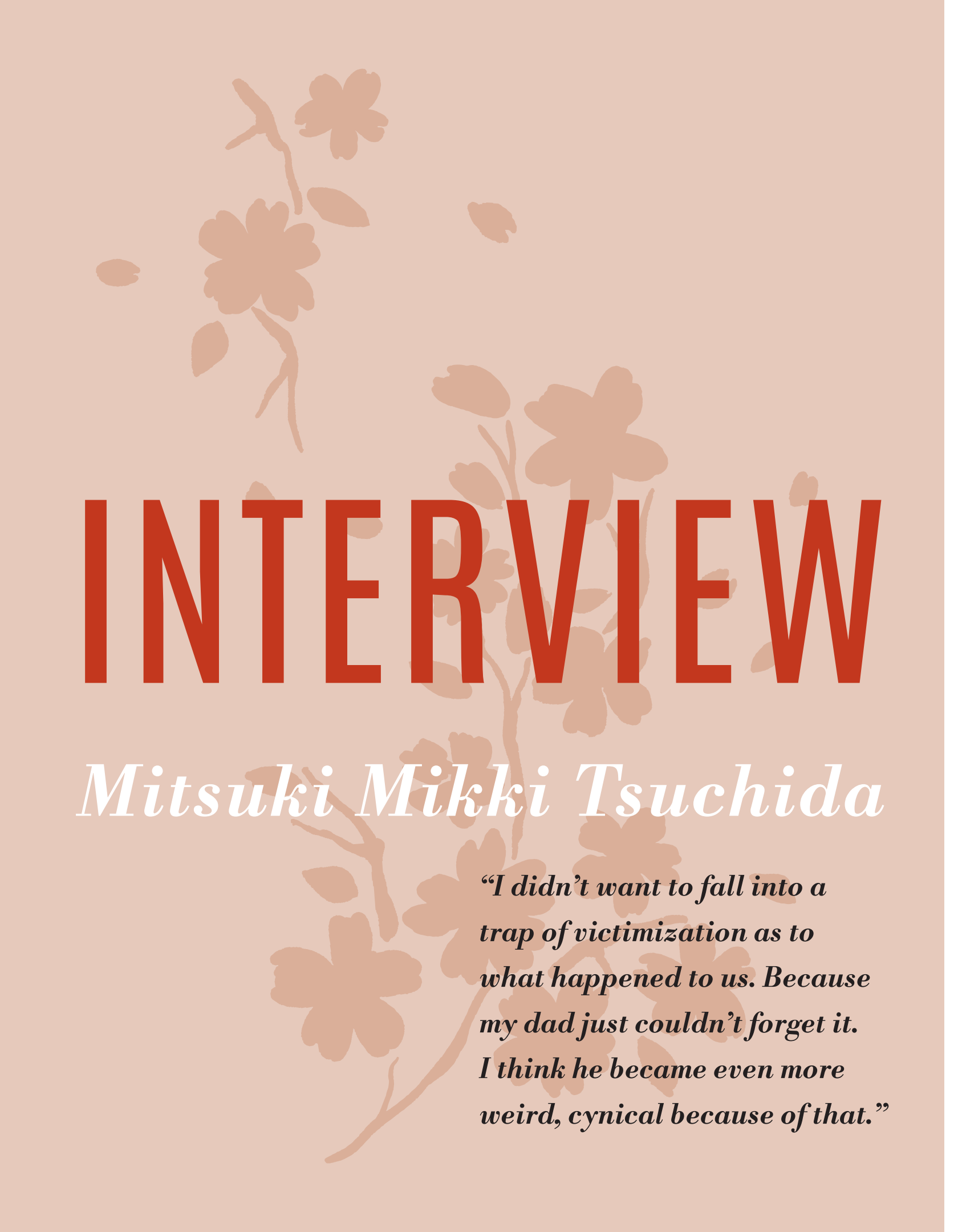
A note on the name Tessaku: It was originally a magazine published by a primarily Japanese speaking community in Tule Lake; a collective of writers, poets, and artists. The kanji translates to barbed wire and more literally, iron fence: tetsu (鉄) is iron, saku (柵) is fence. I felt there was no better tribute to the community's spirit of self-determination despite the barbed wire.

My hope is that these forthcoming stories don't just speak to Japanese Americans, but that they resonate deeply with any reader. This is less about what one ethnic group went through but about the choices people make when faced with insurmountable loss and uncertainty about their future. They are meant to make all of us, bystander and Japanese Americans alike, reflect and ponder from our vantage point of today:

WHAT WOULD I HAVE DONE?

FOR OUR FAMILIES





INTERVIEW

Mitsuki Mikki Tsuchida

“I didn’t want to fall into a trap of victimization as to what happened to us. Because my dad just couldn’t forget it. I think he became even more weird, cynical because of that.”



When I first started asking my dad about his camp memories over fifteen years ago, he would tell me about the horrid stench of the Santa Anita horse stables, taking showers underneath the enormous nozzles made for horses, and watching people's toothpaste run down the troughs in the latrines. He recalled that for four years, everything they owned in the barracks was covered in a layer of dust and sand, and that just going to the bathroom was an ordeal that required planning.

Later his stories shifted, and began to center around memories of his father's

behavior. And it became clearer through each conversation that my grandfather wasn't one to sit in his barrack and wait out the war. What my grandfather likely saw as the right thing to do was interpreted by his seven-year-old son as breaking an unspoken promise to be a normal father: A father who just stayed out of trouble.

My dad's memories are truly the only link to understanding what my grandparents may have gone through, as my grandfather passed away when I was eight, and my grandmother was such a light-hearted soul who laughed easily

and would have likely brushed away any questions. I hate to admit though that we never even tried. My grandfather's anger at their situation however compelled him to be vocal, and sometimes confrontational. He was targeted by the WRA authorities several times during the war. He nearly made the decision to go back to Japan with my dad and grandmother, but after discovering that Japan was actually losing the war (contrary to what he believed), they stayed.

For my dad's willingness to be so open and honest about his memories, I'll be forever grateful.

1746

Sametsu Tachida

— AND —

Itsume Okuno

Date *May 1/34*

Married by *S. Akahoshi*

Recorded *332* Page *214*

Book *332*

MAY 3-1934

How did grandma and grandpa meet?

In Loomis where Grandpa was born, they were trying to arrange for him to get married and to work on a fruit farm. He didn't want to farm, so he fled to San Francisco. He was attending adult night school where he met my mom. She was only 17 years old and he was ten years older and seven or eight months after they met, they got married in May 1934. That age gap was very prominent in the Japanese community.

Do you think there was love in their marriage?

There was never any holding hands or talking. I'd see my mom cry occasionally, before the war. My mom wasn't that literate or educated but I didn't see any kind of sweet tenderness. I didn't want my relationship with a woman that way when I grew up. I used to get examples of how men treat ladies by watching movies.

Was it just a convenience for them to be married?

I guess my dad proposed to my mom and instead of being all alone, with only her sister in San Francisco, she said yes. But my mom's sister objected to him. She did not like him, so there was a friction there.





Do you remember a typical day before the war in San Francisco?

They were both working cleaning people's homes. But they were taking turns watching me and had to find someone. So there was an elderly Japanese man half a block down who had a shoe repair shop. There were lots of chunks of leather leftover and I would play with that.

The last place on Baker Street I kind of remember, and I almost got hit by a car. Across the street the whole block was demolished for some reason. All the homes were gone, but there was an open area. My dad I think

got a kite and so with some neighborhood kids we were flying it above that lot. And I was all excited and I remember I went inside to retrieve something and then when I came out, I wasn't paying attention to the cars crossing but a car came from my right. I didn't look but the guy honked his horn and stopped. But I came that close to being hit and then my dad had a fit.

They were also trying to enroll me into a Catholic school and there were nuns, and it scared the heck out of me. And you know they're smiling and all that and my mom is doing the best she can to enroll me, I remember. And I wouldn't go

into the school grounds because I was afraid. She was going to leave me but I was yelling. I started to run halfway down the street, I just had this terrible fear of these Catholic nuns because of the way they dressed. So as it turned out maybe it was a good thing. I never asked why they tried enroll me.

I was attending kindergarten and that was the extent of my English learning, then the war broke out. I do recall playing [Japanese] '78 records all the time so that's where I have memories of these Japanese songs before the war.

Do you remember the day Pearl Harbor happened?

I got some hint that there was a war in progress and that it involved Japan. That's where I became aware of my Japanese heritage. I know they were talking and I would hear conversations with my dad's acquaintances and from their body language, it was serious what was in store for them. And obviously years later I remembered it had to be that anti-Japanese feeling.

Was there anything that made you aware something bad was happening?

One day all the Boys' Day dolls were out. I came home after we were set to go to camp and the house was already bare. And there was this nice white lady talking to my mother and she was about to give all of my dolls away. And I was screaming like mad. My mom and her laughed, and she said, 'Well I guess that's okay.' I just had a fit, I put my arms out and said, 'No!' Then it was wrapped in paper, and we left some of our few belongings in a garage somewhere. I don't know who,

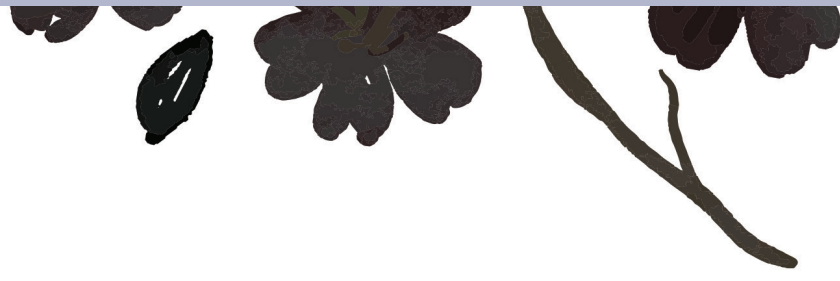
but it was someone in San Francisco. Obviously it couldn't have been a Japanese family.

There was also a curfew in effect, I don't think you could be out in the streets at some ridiculous time, like 6:30 at night. There was a map of shaded areas that were restricted to the Japanese. And my dad was in the wrong area. So he was stopped by the FBI.

But how could you tell? You live there and I could see my dad being ignorant of that fact. I know that because he re-told that story, never to me. And then my mom used to say that we weren't rich but he was spending money on cameras, and it was taken away.

What about the day you left for the assembly center?

All I remember was waiting at the train station on one side of a line and these guys were holding guns. They weren't pointing them at us, but what were we going to do? They didn't even have to carry it. Why are we standing over here with name tags? They weren't abusing us but it was still cruel, of course. Herding us into the middle of nowhere.



What are your most vivid memories at Santa Anita?

There were all these insects flying around. There was a horse fly. They were huge, like the size of a dragonfly. The first purchase my parents got at Santa Anita was a mosquito net to cover my bed. The showers were hard to get used to. We used those individual stalls for washing down the horses. So the nozzle was really wide, maybe a foot across and you had to pull this chain. My mother would lather me up and pull the chain and the

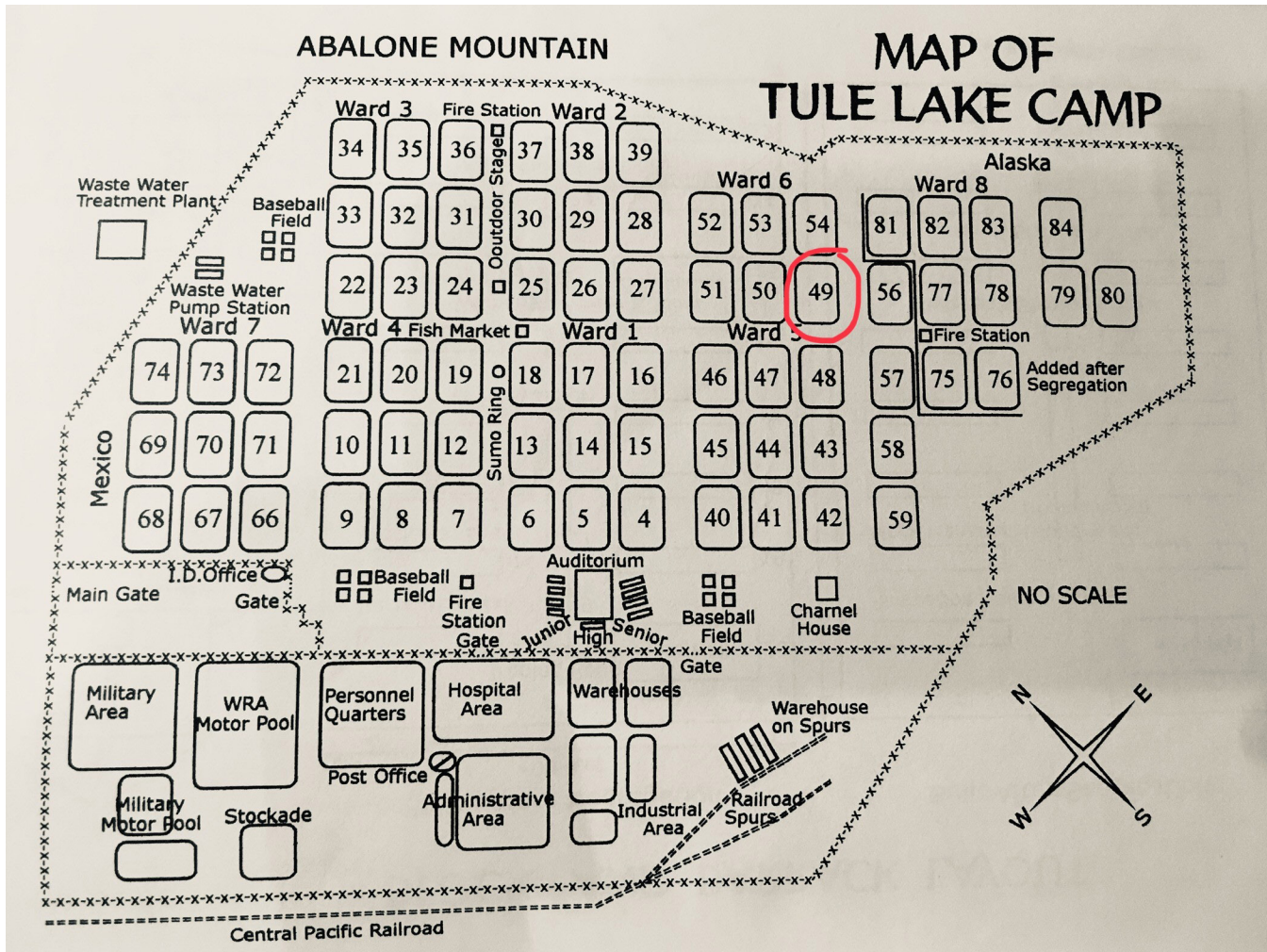
water would come down. It was like being drenched by a bucket, so that kind of frightened me as a little kid.

And this is funny, well not funny. But army trucks would pull up and someone would shout, 'How many in your family?' And they would just throw the toilet paper at you and you had to go pick it up. That lack of human dignity, it just went on and on.

I didn't comprehend what crime we were being accused of. But then I realized we must've done something, like why am I here?

What do you remember about moving from Topaz to Tule Lake?

It was just solmen and grim. No one was happy, we had to keep the shades closed all the time. The train would stop and stall constantly so we would peek under the shades. But I remember seeing telephone poles that were tilting to one side.



MAP OF TULE LAKE, WITH MY FAMILY'S BLOCK CIRCLED. THEIR AREA WAS NICKNAMED ALASKA BECAUSE IT WAS SO FAR OUTSIDE THE MAIN CAMP. MAP RENDERING FROM NOBORU SHIRAI'S *TULE LAKE: AN ISSEI MEMOIR*

What was it like in Tule Lake?

Even when it was dinner time and we were waiting, there would be searchlights going around. Just like a concentration camp, these floodlights would be going all around the camp or sometimes they would lock in on a window. So there wasn't privacy. Sometimes late at night I would go to the toilet and you had to walk in the middle part of the block. And sometimes a searchlight would come on from the perimeter and just follow you. So just like a prisoner, they were watching you with these floodlights.

And the people who were the dependents of the guards lived on the other side of the camp, we would see Caucasian kids playing. The biggest treat in those four years was that I went with my mom to see their living quarters. Our friend Suzy Sakamoto was cleaning their houses and she gave us some See's candy. There were couches, it was nice.

What were Grandma and Grandpa doing?

Grandma worked in the mess hall. But that was the problem. Since the administration were hakujin [white], you had to speak English in order to get a job. So that was the reason all these Kibei [second generation Americans educated in Japan] didn't have anything to do. They sat around. After a while, you're bound to get radical, and if you have all of your education in Japan, it's ingrained. In the beginning, Japan was pretty aggressive. For a while it looked like they would be a threat to the U.S.

But Grandpa was extremely angry. He thought the treatment was terribly unfair. And so he'd talk about it in Japanese, the court procedure of the U.S. law. It wasn't even practiced at all. They used the word "relocate." But Tule Lake was a very violent place. Fighting, ganging up on people.



FIRE AT THE TULE LAKE AUDITORIUM

Do you think that the lack of parenting and upheaval affected everyone or just your parents?

Everyone, definitely. If anything my dad was on my butt quite a bit compared to the other fathers. Maybe because I was the only son. All of my friends had a lot of brothers and sisters. But the children were the victims of this. And that was because fathers of a family behaved like they weren't the head of a family. Not having that regimented work schedule; they weren't doing anything. They would just sit and dine with their friends and didn't really care about their children and look to see they were eating properly.

What problems in camp do you remember seeing?

I was impressionable, and I was observing adults with nothing to do, it must've been all that kind of hopelessness. The men were just doing what they felt.

So the propensity of gambling among Japanese was prevalent and they had a casino-like atmosphere. And if you enjoyed drinking, well, they needed something to stimulate them, I guess. So they made this sake but it would make them very sick and they would throw up. You could hear them coming home in the middle of the night.

And if you got into any kind of argument, pro or con Japanese, everyone knew where you were. There's nowhere else to go, everyone lives in the same type of barrack, so you're marked. There's no security and so people were bursting in and people were beating up the guy or the husband. I heard that going around. And my dad, I think, was involved and that was the reason he was taken away from Topaz. I saw him get handcuffed and taken away as I was coming home from school. He looked at me but didn't even acknowledge. And my mom was just hysterical, just crying like mad. It was just my mom and I who went to Tule Lake in Block

49 and he went to Leupp.

Years later they would advertise getting this group together and write it in hiragana and katakana. It would be at a Chinese restaurant or somewhere in Japantown.

Maybe at some point, it became a badge of honor for them.

They're fighting their own war in their mind. No one in Japan cares a hoot about what they're doing for Japan, or if they were. It's not psychoanalyzing them but maybe it was the only way they kept their self-esteem. They returned from Japan after an education over there, and English skills were nothing. So they felt left out. Then they felt indignant or animosity towards Nisei because they would be fluent in English. So maybe that was their little way of rebelling. But the war they were fighting in their mind was to resist what was happening, which was unlawful imprisonment.

THE LEUPP GROUP.
MY GRANDFATHER IS
ON THE FAR RIGHT.





So, was he going around beating people up?

That part I can't confirm. But I know he was considered dangerous according to an FBI report. But he never joined that Hoshidan group [a pro-Japan collective. Many members went back to Japan].

He had a 2x4 but he tapered it to make it narrower like a handle, like a baseball bat. And on the other end he had two spikes, nails in there. So if he was being targeted to be beaten up, he was taking that with him to the bathroom. He was carrying it in the middle of the night. If he was deemed a dog, or enemy or a spy, he might have been in fear for his life. And with his kendo experience he might have been formidable if he had to use it.

What was school like in Tule Lake? You had a pro-Japanese and Japanese-only speaking experience.

Although the government provided junior and high school, if we attended, we were called inu, dogs, which was like a traitor. So no one attended. And it was backed by the administrators that they could form their own system, the Japanese language school. So there were eight of them. The format was exactly like Japan. They were preparing us to go back, so it had to be that military style education. We had to put on a headband, hachimaki. White color for the boys, red for the girls, and meet at the undokai, meaning exercise field. So we did our taiso, and then we had to bow eastward and shout "Tennoheika bonzai! Long live the emperor ten thousand years."

But I thought about this later: California was closer if you faced Japan west, where if you face east, you're almost three-quarters around the world. I thought, "What a bunch of idiots." [laughs] But we were bowing east towards the sun, "Tennoheika bonzai!" But when it became radical, sometimes we had to get on our knees and bow. Usually we would bow politely from the waist but sometimes he would make us kneel. "Seiza!" And one time after a storm, there was a mud puddle where I stood in formation. So I just moved over like an inch to avoid dirtying my pants, and the teacher came and hit me on the head because I moved. I had a lifetime of watching people slapping each other.



THE CITIZEN ISOLATION CENTER IN LEUPP, ARIZONA.
ORIGINALLY THE SITE OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN
BOARDING SCHOOL.

MY DAD (LEFT) AND A
FRIEND FIND SOME STRAY
CATS IN TULE LAKE.



Can you tell the story about being in class and needing to go to the bathroom?

I raised my hand and I had to go pee. “Sensei, benjo ni ikitai.” And he says, “Gaman shiro!” He told me to hold it. I couldn’t talk back and I couldn’t hold it. So I peed in my pants and during recess, I dashed home and changed. But there were punishments, if you mispronounced in reading. I remember one time out in the snow, I had to hold my book up straight and read two pages over and over because I mispronounced some phrase in there, and there might have been some words or kanji which I didn’t study. So that was my punishment and he said, “Go outside and read it.” And I had to read out loud. And he’d peek out once in a while and say, “Kiko-en zo!” I can’t hear you! [laughs].

Can you describe what happened when Grandpa came back to Tule Lake and he decided to go back to Japan?

Basically all the people in Tule Lake were classified disloyal and they all wanted to go back to Japan. So the preparation for us was we packed what little we had, and a seamstress made me an overcoat because Japan was going to be cold. My dad thought that Japan was not losing the war, even though

there were photos of Japan being devastated. We already saw the aftermath of the atom bomb.

Where did you see that?

It was in Life magazine. But even my dad was telling me that those were not true photos. That’s pretty sad.

So the day before we were going to head out and take the train to the port, a friend of his who was part of the crew on the boat got into the camp. He visited and told my dad to not go back. “Tsuchidasan, ima nihon ni kaettara dame desu yo.” Going back to Japan right now would be bad. The devastation is surreal. He said, ‘Japan is just totally devastated with nothing to eat except jagaimo [potatoes]. And you’re going to be treated badly because they’re so bitter over there. You think you’re going back to be a true, loyal Japanese but you’re wrong, they’re going to think you’re the enemy.’ And my mom started to cry.

Because she wanted to go back?

No because she didn’t want to go to the depot area and unload the crate. She just objected to that. [laughs] People that did go back anyway, and met my family again later, they all said the same thing. ‘It’s a good thing you didn’t go back.’

So your mom didn’t care either way, going back to Japan or staying?

She said, “Go back yourself if you want and I’ll stay and raise Mitsuki by myself.” And which she managed to do, of course. We came out of camp and we disembarked at Berkeley for no other reason except that she said she used to hear the bells chime at the UC campus, at Campanile, and she thought it was pretty. So she got off at the train station at Berkeley, nowhere to go with only \$25 in her purse, looking for a place to live.

How did she take care of you?

We found a Christian church with four or five other families already living there. We slept there for a good two weeks. Then we found this place at 2815 Grant Street. And we were squeezed in like sardines. In fact, it was worse than the camps. Because the U.S. government just wanted to get rid the Japanese. It was costing them a lot of money to feed everyone. They told all the people in Tule Lake, ‘Either go back to Japan or leave.’ So there was this struggle to find a place to live, so that’s how we ended up in Berkeley. That’s where I met all of my surrogate brothers and sisters because we were all clustered in this ten block area.

When did you finally reunite with your dad?

I think it was February 1947. He refused to sign a pardon or write a letter to the U.S. government, apologizing for his behavior. It was just a symbolic thing. And he refused to. So our demise financially was compounded. My mom only, in Berkeley. And everyone came back by 1945 and you know, gardening and working, earning what little money. And so we were poor, just depending on my mother's income which was cleaning houses.

But my dad came home from Crystal City, and he purchased a bike. So I was riding with him and I sat crossbar in the front and we were going down around Grant Street in Berkeley, and I was happy that he was home. So I was looking up at him and I even touched his face. And I kind of leaned on him and he said, 'What are you doing!' in Japanese. But it was that moment just defined everything. After that I knew I couldn't show any form of affection to him.

What was starting over like in Berkeley?

My part of being slow to pick up the language was because we didn't speak at home. And I figured out later that all my other friends were at home with a lot of siblings, and all they did was speak English. So the Kibei or Issei parents were left out. I would be invited over for dinner, and I thought it was a big party. But they spoke among each other in English. I was an anomaly because I was the only child. All my pals picked up English quickly.

And by the time I got to junior high and high school, my interests were different.

And then my influence came because of judo, and even though I was a high schooler, I was pretty good so I was beating up college guys from San Jose State, Cal Berkeley or San Francisco State. So my influence was from guys who were three or four years older, hakuji, who instilled on me the value of education.

So my high school friends, they didn't really know me. Girls thought I was quiet. But it was my financial situation, too. We were poor. So if I wanted to date, I didn't have a car to drive to pick up the girl. And so when I went to senior ball, that was unusual. That was the only time I went out. It was a big deal, I rented a white dinner jacket.



How did you feel about receiving your apology and redress?

I was aware the movement was ongoing. I personally knew Edison Uno. He helped start the movement. So yes, but I didn't care. I was apathetic. Because I was so disgusted with the way we were treated, I wanted to forget about it. It's justified, I thought, 'Good for them!' Heck yeah they should be doing it. How wrong is that? You got an American citizen being treated like an enemy, I was just a kid.

Do you think you felt apathetic because you were so young?

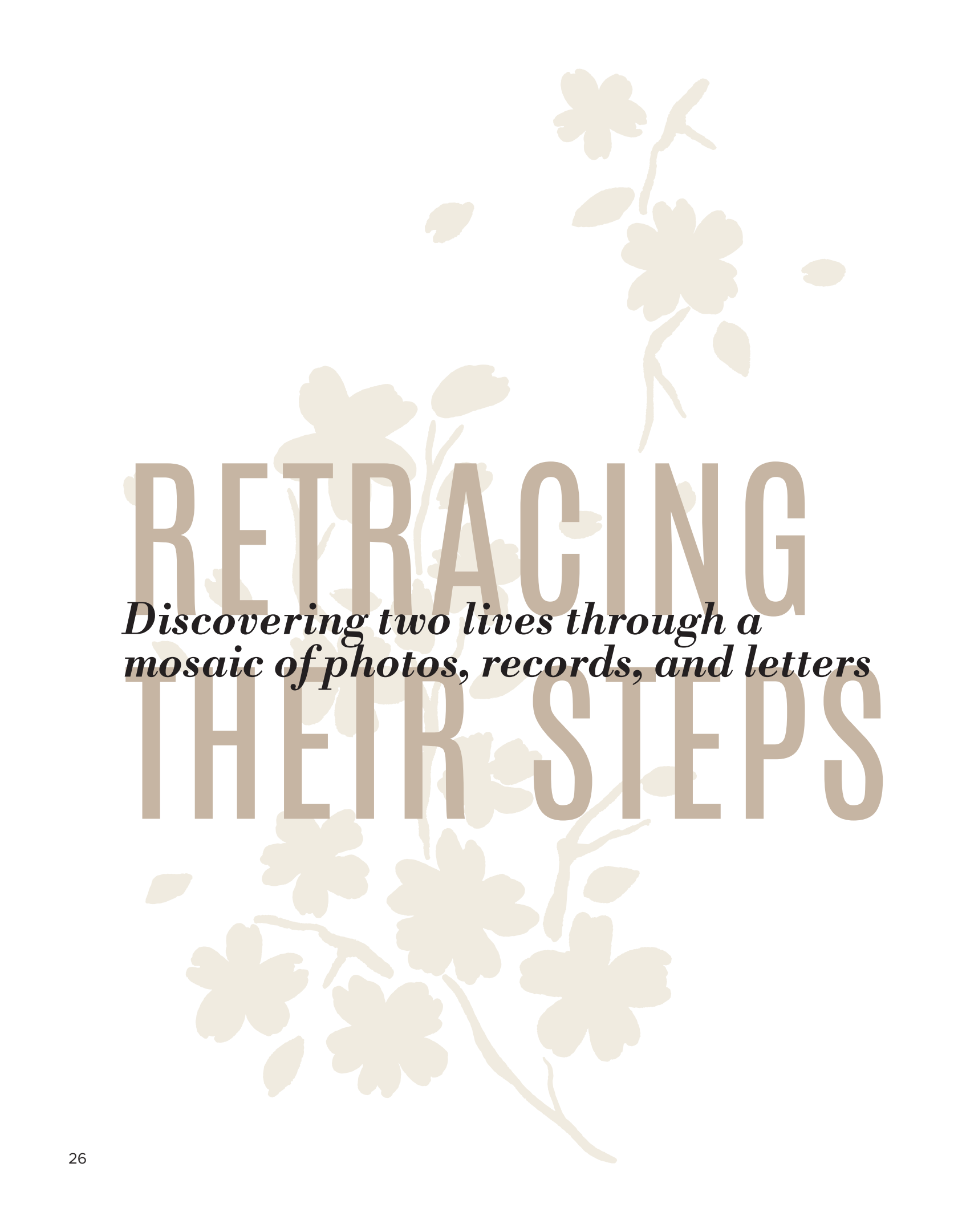
That's a good question. I didn't know which way to go. Here I'm trying to learn English with Kibei parents. I was messed up. Then we went into a place where all these people in Tule Lake who were considered disloyal to the U.S. but loyal to Japan. But they were justified because they were being mistreated. Tule Lake was unlike the other nine camps. They were preparing us for when the Japanese army invaded, we had to help. We had these sticks pointed, like we were going to fight the American soldiers. They were preparing us to go back to Japan.

Why do you think the experience never politicized you like it did other people?

I didn't want to fall into a trap of victimization as to what happened to us. Because my dad just couldn't forget it. I think he became even more weird, cynical because of that. But my dad had his place in the sun. Four of the major newspapers in Japan came to interview him. They came to the house at different times. So he finally got someone to listen to him. They took his story. But I didn't want to fall into that trap that I was victimized. I got sick of it.

Except now. How come you were willing to tell me so much?

It started to leak out here and there. I remember you typing rapidly, it was sputter and go, I remember. I wasn't as fluid. But the questions started to make me remember. It's getting more focused. It made me think, this story should not die down. But it's been happening throughout history. If you think about what the Americans did to the slaves or Indians, it's terrible what they went through. So our three, four years, it was nothing.



RETRACING *Discovering two lives through a mosaic of photos, records, and letters* THEIR STEPS

**THE FEELING THAT YOU DON'T APPRECIATE
WHAT YOU HAVE UNTIL IT'S GONE MIGHT BE
BEST EXEMPLIFIED WHEN IT COMES TO OUR
GRANDPARENTS. LOVE FOR A GRANDPARENT
DOESN'T NECESSARILY TRANSLATE TO
UNDERSTANDING WHO THEY WERE AS PEOPLE.**

In grappling with the amount of new information I was reading about both my grandma and grandpa, it became clear that I needed to lay out a linear narrative of their life. Cobbling together a timeline of government records, photos, and my father's memory has resulted in what is likely our most intimate understanding of what my grandparents endured during WWII, and the lives they might have led had they not been imprisoned. Truly the silent generation, even my dad regrets not asking his mom more questions when he had the chance. Going back now and deciphering what happened during the war is a cathartic, if not mainly a bittersweet process.

My grandfather passed away when I was eight years old, but I was lucky enough to have my grandmother around for much longer, up until four years ago. I used to joke with her that she shrank in height every time I saw her, to which she would laugh and lightly slap my arm. I couldn't communicate with her in any kind of depth, but to assume that meant we didn't have unconditional love for each other would be ridiculous. Beyond our own light-hearted relationship, I will always vividly remember how much she loved my dad. As her memory rapidly began to fade in her late 90s, she eventually forgot all of us - her grandchildren, friends, cousins - but recognized my dad until the end. "This is my son. This is my son," she would say. As her only child, I believe that he was truly her *raison d'être*.

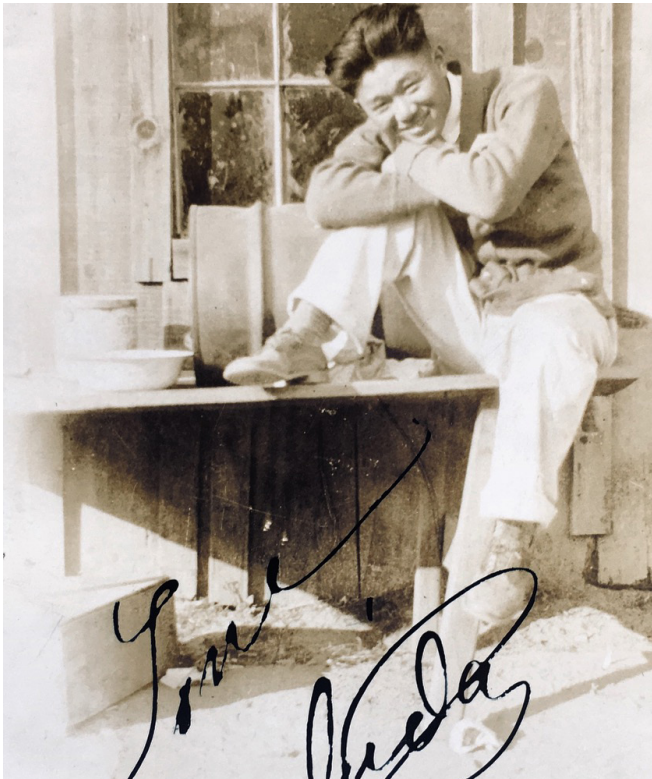
When it came to my grandfather, I knew very little about him, other than the fact that he gave me my Japanese name when I was born. But in doing this work, it became increasingly obvious that I seemed

to inherit his fixation on their past. Or as I prefer to look at it, a deep curiosity to understand how this catastrophe changed their lives. Piecing together a story of his life, from his young, optimistic years to his quest to find closure - and justice - from the camps, has allowed me to know him more intimately than I knew any of my grandparents.

When reading through this timeline, I invite readers to keep in mind what my grandparents - Itsuye and Tamotsu (Tom) - might have faced as two Americans who likely feeling more affinity with the Issei, or first generation migrants. For many Japanese Americans and their grandparents or great-grandparents, this isn't an unusual story: Born in the U.S. but sent back to Japan to get educated, then returning to the United States but lacking English fluency and confidence. And at the height of their prime earning years, everything is stripped away.

I also want to point out that when you read the forthcoming letters from my grandparents, many of the words on the page are not really theirs. Both were written with the help of an interpreter, and were likely typed and written by someone else. However, I don't doubt that the sentiment was sincere. While it is less clear how my grandfather really felt, I can only give him the benefit of the doubt.

Wishing they were still around and that I had something to read of theirs beyond just a signature is futile. The solace I take now is to keep them remembered and alive in each retelling of their story.

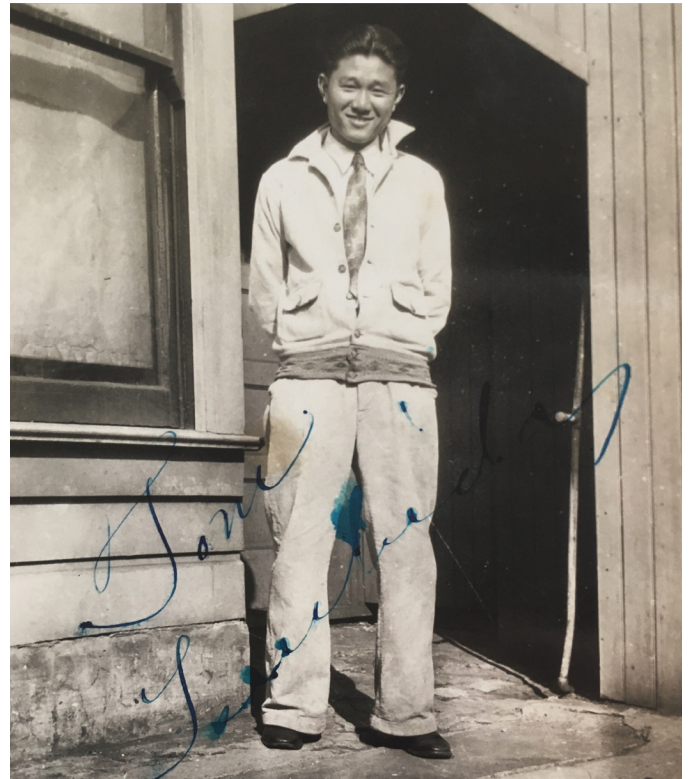


NOVEMBER 24, 1909

My grandfather, Tamotsu (Tom) Tsuchida is born in Loomis, California. From 1911 to 1929, he is taken to Japan and lives in his father's village in Kumamoto.

MAY 11, 1917

My grandmother, Itsuye Okuno is born in Los Gatos, California.



SEPTEMBER 11, 1934

Tom returns to California from Yokohama, Japan on the Asama Maru. He goes back to Loomis to begin a life in farming but quickly decides that life is not for him. He leaves for San Francisco and meets Itsuye likely in or near Japantown.

8

7. EMPLOYMENT HISTORY (LAST FIVE (5) YEARS):

FROM	TO	OCCUPATION	NAME OF EMPLOYER (OR KIND OF OWN BUSINESS)	CITY OR TOWN
1937	1942	Office Employment	For self	San Francisco



MAY 1, 1934

They get married. Their son Mitsuki is born on December 29th, 1936.

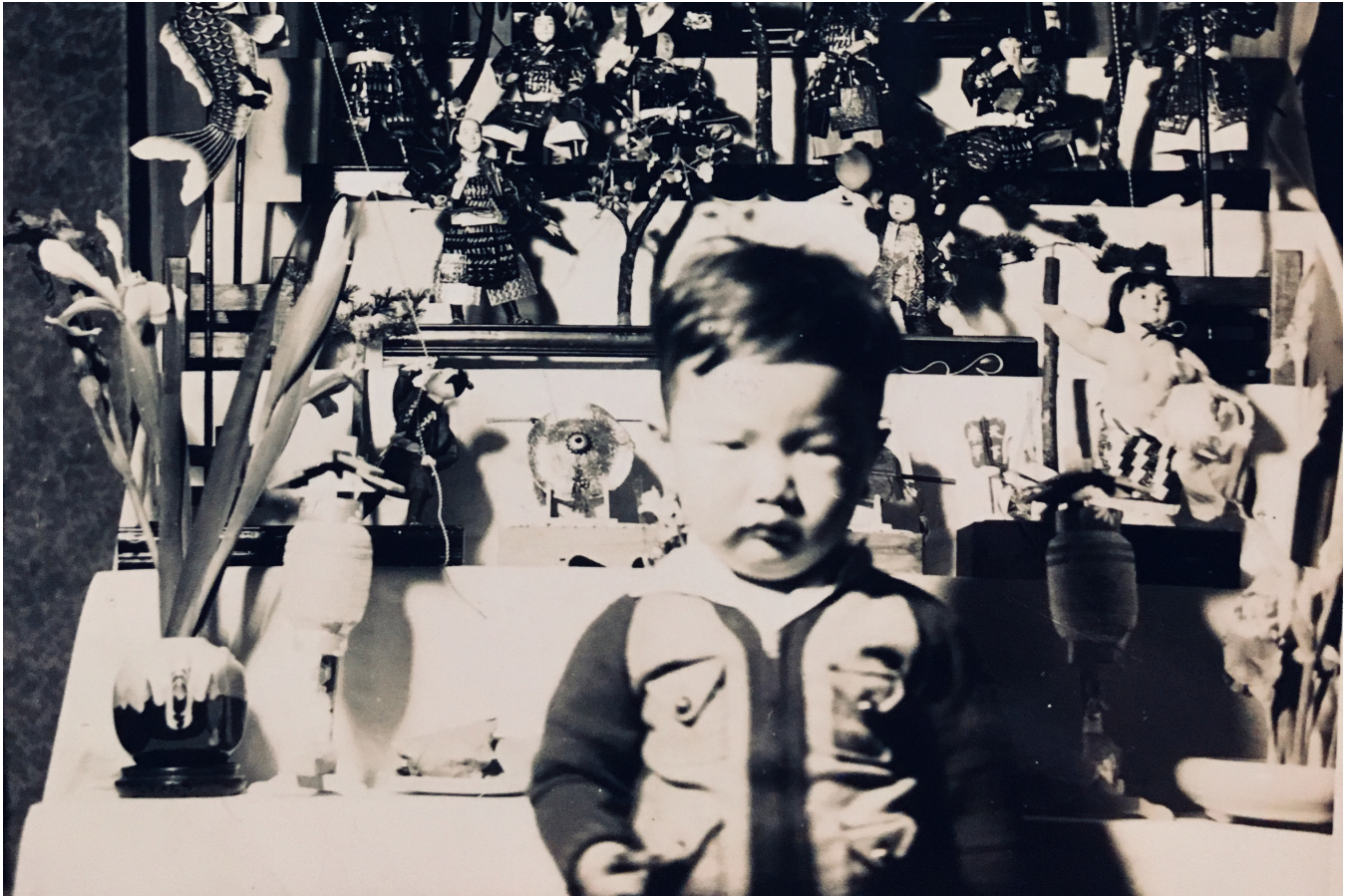


1936-1942

My grandparents and dad live in a couple of homes near San Francisco's Japantown. They both work cleaning homes but at some point my grandfather opens his own business as a one-man employment office, called Togo Employment Agency.

DECEMBER 7, 1941

Japan's military attacks Pearl Harbor, and the U.S. enters WWII on December 8.



DECEMBER 29, 1941

Mitsuki turns five years old.

FEBRUARY 19, 1942

Executive Order 9066, allowing the military to establish Japanese American “evacuation zones” on the West Coast in the name of national security, is signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

APRIL 7, 1942

My family is moved out of San Francisco and is sent to the Santa Anita racetrack in Arcadia, California. They are told to stuff their own mattresses and sleep in the converted horse stables. My grandfather works as a janitor, then as a cook in the assembly center hospital. He is 32, Itsuye is 24, Mitsuki is 5.

28. Employment history: (List most recent employment first and account for all periods of unemployment)

From	To	Employer, Business, Address	Position and Duties	Pay	OFFICE USE
4/42	7/42	WCCA Santa Anita	Janitor	\$8 Mo.	
7/42	10/42	" " "	Cook in the Hospital	\$12 mo.	
2/35	3/42	Togo Employment Agency San Francisco, Calif.	Own Business No employees		
			Self Manager		

OCTOBER 8, 1942

The family is sent to their permanent camp in Topaz, Utah, which is about 150 southwest of Salt Lake City.

FEBRUARY 25, 1943

Tom answers 'no' to questions #27 and #28 on the infamous "Loyalty Questionnaire," which spurred an unnatural split within the community between so-called "pro-American" and "pro-Japanese" viewpoints. Only a 'yes' to both questions kept families in same the camp in which they were currently living. The questions were:

27) Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty, wherever ordered?

28) Will you swear unqualified allegiance to the United States of America and faithfully defend the United States from any or all attack by foreign or domestic forces, and forswear any form of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese emperor, or any other foreign government, power, or organization?

MARCH 12, 1943

Tom gets into a scuffle with a mess hall cook and acquaintance, Toshio Murata. The argument is over an unpublished op-ed in the Topaz Times titled "An Old Issei's Words," accusing the Kibei, and one in particular, for being cowards and refusing to sign up for the draft. Tom is convinced the "old Issei" is referring to him, and believes that Murata knows who wrote it. See page 60 for original letter and his unpublished response.

25. To the best of your knowledge, was your birth ever registered with any Japanese governmental agency for the purpose of establishing a claim to Japanese citizenship? YES

(a) If so registered, have you applied for cancelation of such registration? No
(Yes or no)

When? _____ Where? _____

26. Have you ever applied for repatriation to Japan? YES. 2/20/43

27. Are you willing to serve in the armed forces of the United States on combat duty, wherever ordered? No

28. Will you swear unqualified allegiance to the United States of America and faithfully defend the United States from any or all attack by foreign or domestic forces, and forswear any form of allegiance or obedience to the Japanese emperor, or any other foreign government, power, or organization? No

Feb. 25, 1943 (Date) Tom Kuchida (Signature)

NOTE.—Any person who knowingly and wilfully falsifies or conceals a material fact or makes a false or fraudulent statement or representation in any matter within the jurisdiction of any department or agency of the United States is liable to a fine of not more than \$10,000 or 10 years' imprisonment, or both.

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 16-32565-1

Contained in Tsuchida's docket are copies of statements signed by him (Tsuchida) before special agents of the FBI dated March 15 and March 31, 1943 respectively.

The first statement deals mainly with speeches made by Tsuchida wherein he discussed the civil rights of Japanese, the registration, etc.

The second statement covers the speeches mentioned above and, in addition, contains statements purportedly made by Tsuchida in those speeches relative to his advocating that the Japanese people should eat all the food they can and not go out to work.

Tsuchida claims that these statements were made under duress, that he did not know what he was signing because of his poor knowledge of the English language and that he was refused an interpreter.

He claims that he was interviewed by four FBI agents who held him in a room for six hours (from 1:00 P.M. to 7:00 P.M.) and told him that he would not be released until he signed the statement. He claims that he was further intimidated by being called a " God-damned, dirty, yellow Jap " and that one agent would give him a cigarette and another would start to give him a light and then would slap it out of his mouth. He claims that he asked for an interpreter on several occasions during the interview but he was refused. He said that he signed the statement so he could go home.

MARCH 15 AND 31, 1943

Tom is interrogated by FBI agents inside Topaz and signs a statement admitting he was at fault for the incident. I fully believe (as does my dad) that he was coerced into signing the statements without a translator, and was physically intimidated and assaulted by agent Kenneth Brown, who had a reputation for severe interrogation. My dad said that my grandfather was only able to chew on one side of his mouth for the rest of his life because he had lost teeth in this confrontation.

JUNE 2, 1943

Just three months later, Tom gets on the authorities' radar again for another near scuffle with a Heart Mountain double agent, Shigeki Oka.

JUNE 11, 1943

Tom gets arrested in Topaz and taken to a Citizen Isolation Center in Leupp, Arizona by car, over seven hours away. These Citizen Isolation Centers served exactly that purpose: To isolate American citizens, without any due process or trial, away from their families and the larger camps in order to discipline them. They could not be taken to Department of Justice camps, as those were solely for non-citizens, or first generation Issei. The Isolation Centers held second generation Nisei or Kibei.



MY GRANDMOTHER (BACK ROW, CENTER) AND MY DAD (SECOND FROM LEFT) POSE FOR A FINAL FAMILY PORTRAIT WITH HER SISTER (SEATED) AND EXTENDED FAMILY.

MEMORANDUM TO: Mr. Dillon S. Myer
Director

FROM: Office of Project Director

On June 11, 1943, Tamotsu Tsuchida, 13-10-A, was removed to the isolation center at Leupp.

On the 29th of this month, Itsuye Tsuchida, wife of Tamotsu; and Mitsuki, age 6, their son, will be transferred from Central Utah to the segregation center at Tule Lake.

We are assuming that it is contemplated that this family will be rejoined at Tule Center whenever the transfer of Tamotsu Tsuchida is recommended by Mr. Robertson, project director of the Leupp Center. Accordingly, we are sending you this information for your consideration when a report on Mr. Tsuchida is received from Mr. Robertson.

November 19, 1943

CONFIDENTIAL

Mr. Dillon S. Myer, Director
War Relocation Authority
Barr Bldg., 910-17th St. NW
Washington, 25, D. C.

Attention: Leupp Review Board

Re: Tamotsu Tsuchida

Dear Mr. Myer:

You will find attached the internal security report on Tamotsu Tom Tsuchida.

There is little that I can add to the internal security report except that I have had occasion to become acquainted with Mr. Tsuchida and I am convinced that he will cause you no trouble if transferred to the Tule Lake Relocation Center.

I think that he is still bitter about evacuation and isolation, but during the past three months he has worked steadily and has associated very little with the other boys in the camp.

It is my recommendation that he be transferred at this time to the Tule Lake Relocation Center.

Yours very truly,

Paul G. Robertson
Project Director

LEUPP

SEPTEMBER 29, 1943

Itsuye and Mitsuki are separated from her extended family and take a portrait in Topaz before being sent to Tule Lake, where all people who answered anything but a firm 'yes' to questions #27 and #28 are sent. Tule Lake becomes the largest populated camp at 18,000 people.

NOVEMBER 19, 1943

Tom spends his 33rd birthday in Leupp. Camp Director Paul Robertson writes a letter to the War Relocation Authority Director Dillon S. Meyer, recommending his release, stating that he's calmed down but he's just "bitter about evacuation and isolation.

NOVEMBER/ DECEMBER, 1943

At some point Tom gets sent to Tule Lake to join my grandmother and dad. He works in the laundry room as a boilerman.



MY GRANDFATHER IN TULE
LAKE. YOU CAN SEE ABALONE
MOUNTAIN OVER HIS RIGHT
SHOULDER.

NOVEMBER 18, 1944

An entire year goes by and Tom requests to renounce his and my grandmother's U.S. citizenship.

JANUARY 3 AND FEBRUARY 5, 1945

Tom and Itsuye formally apply to renounce their United States citizenship.

JANUARY 23 AND FEBRUARY 17, 1945

They are both interviewed in a "Hearing on Renunciation of Citizenship" in Tule Lake. My grandfather's hearing is first, and they would ask him questions like "Why do you have your head shaved?" and "Does your sweater have the rising sun on it?"

Tamotsu Tsuchida
4915-C

~~Tule Lake Center~~
Newell, Calif.

Nov. 16, 1944

To The Attorney General
Department of Justice
Washington 25, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I, Tamotsu Tsuchida residing at 4915-E Newell, California, wishes to renounce my United States citizen on the ground that I have a dual citizenship. I firmly feel that I myself cannot possibly serve two country at one time. Furthermore, prior to this war I was determined to return and to make Japan my home.

Also enclosed you will find my certificate of citizenship which I wish to surrender. Kindly send me two "Application For Permission To Renounce United States Nationality" for my wife and son at your earliest convenience possible.

Your kind attention to the above will be most appreciated.

Yours very truly,

Tamotsu Tsuchida

Tamotsu Tsuchida

W91

146-54-258

ALIEN ENTRY UNIT

Docketed DM

Q Are you a member of Hoshi Dan?

A No.

Q Why do you have your head shaved?

A I am a Japanese teacher, that is why I cut my hair.

Q Does your sweater have the Rising Sun on it?

A No.

Q What do you teach in the school?

A I teach everything.

Q Did you sign this application for permission to renounce your United States nationality?

A Yes.

Q Did you sign that of your own free will?

A Yes.

Q Are your loyalties with Japan or the United States?

A Yes and I would die for Japan.

Q Do you believe in the divinity of the Emperor?

A Yes, I do.

Q Do you teach the children in the school to be loyal to the Emperor?

A Yes.

Q What was your occupation prior to evacuation?

A I had my own employment office.

Q Where?

A In San Francisco, California.

Q What kind of employment office?

A Men came in and paid me a fee and I found them a job.

Q How did you answer questions 27 and 28 on the Army Registration form?

A No, no.

Q Have you ever had any feeling of loyalty toward this country?

A No.

Q This is the form for renunciation of your United States nationality which you may sign if you wish. If you abandon your United States citizenship and if you should return to Japan you may never be permitted to reenter the United States. Do you understand?

A I understand.

(Applicant reads and signs renunciation form.)

Q. No brothers or sisters?
A. No.

Q. Any sisters or brothers in the United States?
A. Yes, at Topaz, one sister.

Q. No brothers?
A. No.

Q. Do you belong to any organization here, the Hoshi Dan or Joshi Seinen Dan?
A. No.

Q. This is the application to give up citizenship that you sent in? (Applicant examines application form).
A. Yes.

Q. Did you sign it?
A. Yes.

Q. Did you sign it of your own free will?
A. (No answer).

Q. You wanted to sign it?
A. Yes.

Q. Why do you wish to renounce your citizenship?
A. I want to go to Japan. My husband is going to Japan so I go too.

Q. Is your husband an American citizen too?
A. Yes..

Q. Do you like Japan better than you do the United States?
A. Yes, I think so.

Q. You know that when you give up your citizenship you can't come back here once you leave; you realize that?
A. Yes.

Q. You also know you can go to Japan without giving up your citizenship; you know that?
A. Yes.

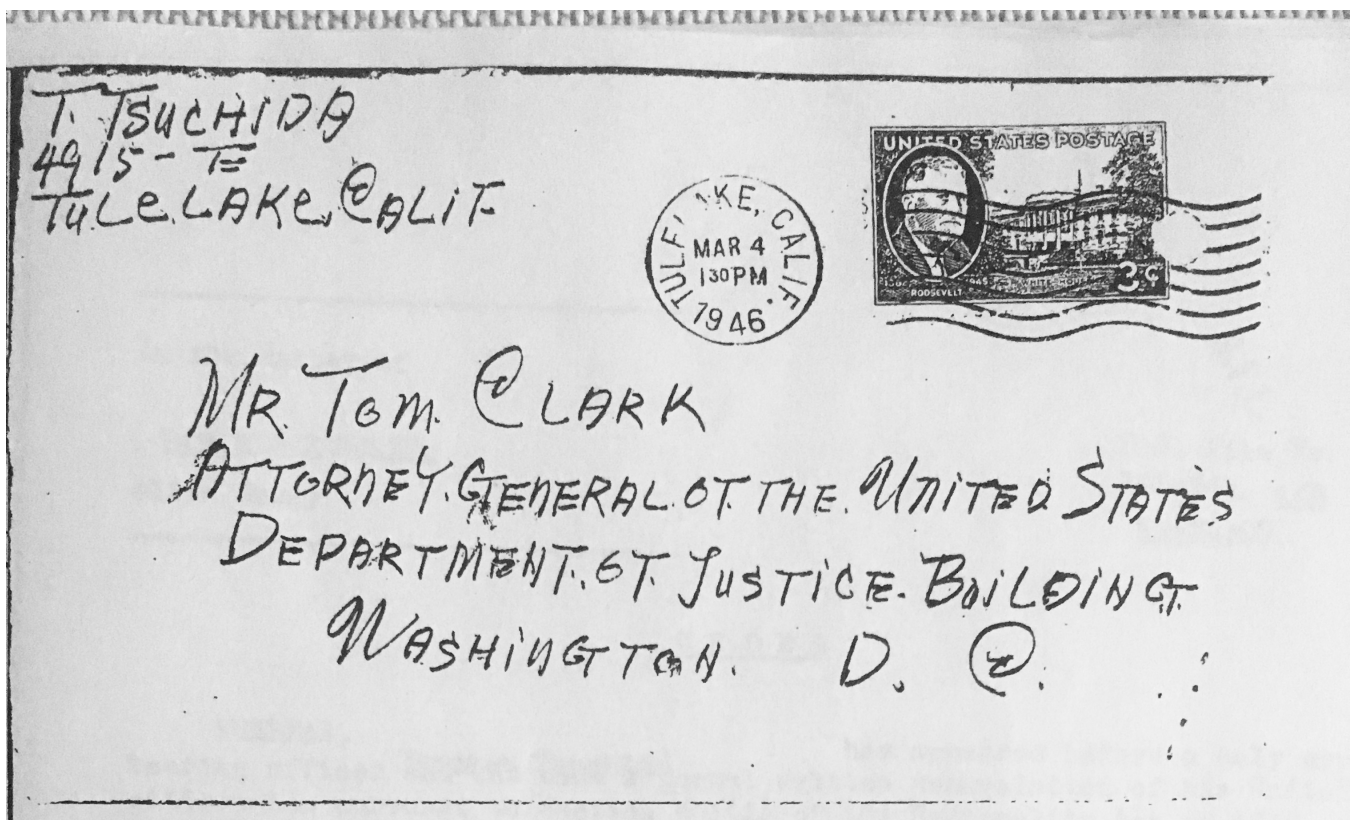
Q. Do you feel that your loyalty is to Japan?
A. Yes.

Q. This is the form to sign to renounce your citizenship. Can you read English?
A. No, not so much.

(Hearing officer reads and explains Renunciation Form to applicant).

(Applicant signs Renunciation Form)

* * * * *



AUGUST 9, 1945

The United States attacks Hiroshima with the first atomic bomb.

AUGUST 11, 1945

Nagasaki is attacked with the second atomic bomb and four days later on August 15, Japan surrenders.

JANUARY 4, 1946

Tom writes another letter from inside Tule Lake to the Attorney General, asking that his citizenship renunciation be reversed.

Attorney General
Honorable TommC. Clark
Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

OFFICE OF THE
ATTORNEY GENERAL
JAN 11 1946

PY 53
On JAN 25
Jan. 4th, 1946
Tamotsu Tsuchida
49-15-E
Tule Lake RC
Newell, Calif.

Dear sir:

I renounced The U.S. citizenship and approval was given afterward. I wish to stay in this country and my citizenship to be secured to regain, for this matter I am writing this letter to your Honor for petition.

I have been in this country altogether 15 years and, though I do not know what I felt in the days of my early life before my parents took me to Japan, I liked this country very highly and deeply before the evacuation since I came back to this country from Japan after I graduated the Farmer's High school there.

I have been working for the money so that I could study the architecture for which I wish to spend the whole life. I did not like to stay in the camp. I wanted to get away from the Center in or to the either way, to the United States or to Japan. At that time there was no possibility to go out to America. The only way to get out of the center, I thought, is to go to Japan. This was the main reason I applied for the renunciation of my U.S. citizenship. The second reason that I could not hold my citizenship was that people around my house gazed at me and whispering that men and women who wished to have citizenships are the dogs to the degree that I could hear them telling so.

I could not stand for that kind of insult, for that time I was feeling that the evacuation will make all the Japanese citizens and the U.S. citizens in this country, no, in the camp, I should say, weak minded or feeble bodied race. I did not like it. I did not know who put us in the camp then. I now realized that the one who put us here like this is Japan itself. Right after I realized that I also realized that I hated the things about the WRA without deepsighted and right reasons at all. I made up my mind and was telling me myself that this Government will deport me to Japan. But I wish your Honor kindly and generously give only one chance for the hearing so that I could express what I really had in my mind. As I thought that the deportation was possible and positive I did not apply for the "mitigation hearing" given by the Immigration Office. But I wish your Honor will have to overlook this fact, for I thought it will be no use though how much I try anything for my staying in this country. I hope and implore your Honor to take consideration about this case and I will be given the very one chance for the hearing.

Yours very respectfully

Tamotsu Tsuchida
.....
Tamotsu Tsuchida

46-54-258
DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
JAN 12 1946
DIVISION

ALIEN ENEMY UNIT

RETRACING THEIR STEPS

BAY AREA ITINERARY

Date of departure _____, 1945
Month day

Lv. Newell	4:10 PM	First day	OCN Bus
Ar. Klamath	5:45 PM		
Lv. Klamath	7:45 PM	First day	SP #19
Ar. Suisun	8:22 AM	Second day	
Ar. Berkeley	9:47 AM		
Ar. Oakland	10:02 AM		
Ar. San Francisco	10:50 AM		
Lv. San Francisco	1:15 PM		SP #170
Ar. San Mateo	1:40 PM		
Ar. Redwood City	2:02 PM		
Ar. Palo Alto	2:11 PM		
Ar. Mt. View	2:27 PM		
Ar. San Jose	2:40 PM		

FEBRUARY 28, 1946

Itsuye and Mitsuki are released from Tule Lake and they head to Berkeley without Tom.

MARCH 2, 1946

Tom writes again to the Attorney General to rescind his renunciation.

MARCH 20, 1946

Tule Lake is officially closed.

MARCH 25, 1946

Tom is sent to the Department of Justice camp in Crystal City, Texas. He fills out an application for non-repatriation on July 10th, 1946.

APRIL 29 AND AUGUST 30, 1946

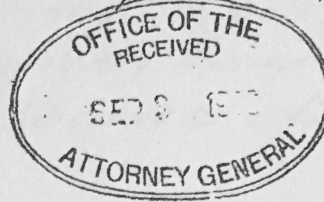
Itsuye writes two separate letters asking for Tom to be released from Crystal City, Texas.

NOVEMBER 1, 1946

Tom writes a long, emotional letter from Crystal City. He is assisted in the English and translation, and while there is certainly truth blended in, my family remains curious how much of it was written to make a compelling argument and how much he actually believed. He is released shortly after, though we have no firm date of when that was. According to my dad's recollection, it was sometime in February 1947.

recedent

2815 Grant Street
Berkeley, California
August 30, 1946



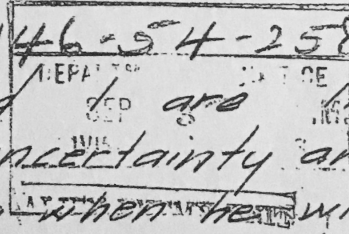
Mr. Thomas Clark
Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

Dear Attorney General:

My husband, Tamotsu Tsuchida, is spending his fifth year of confinement, now in the Alien Internment Camp, Crystal City, Texas. Please, with your great influence, make his release possible so that we can again lead the normal life in freedom. Sincerely, I say that we will be peaceful and law abiding resident of America. Please, sir, give us a chance; we cannot be happy elsewhere.

200-54-258

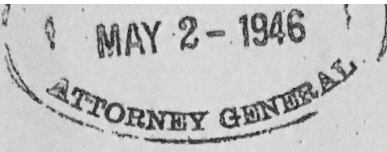
146-54-258



My son and I are living from day to day in uncertainty and anxiety not knowing when we will be freed - if ever. I have to work hard just to send my boy to the school and barely make our living. My boy is ever longing for his father, but I can only tell him that his father may return

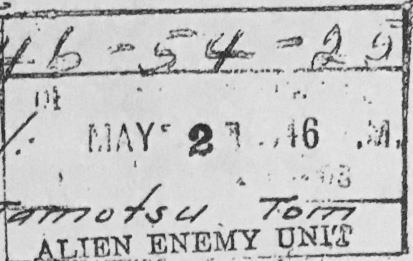
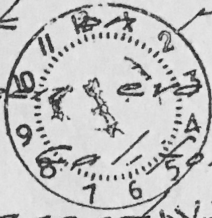
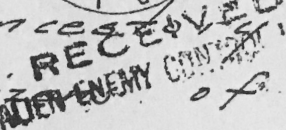
at any day now to console
him and too to encourage
myself somehow. Deep within
my heart, I feel that our
past will be forgiven and this
is only possible because of the
democracy.

Sincerely yours,
Jung. Tsuchida


 1815 Grant Street
 Berkeley, California
 April 28, 1946
 Attorney General Mr. Thomas Clark
 Department of Justice
 Washington, D.C. 146-54-25
 Dear Attorney General:

My husband, Tamotsu Tom
 Tsuchida, a Japanese American
 is detained in the Alien Internment
 camp of Crystal City, Texas.

Following the attack on Pearl
 Harbor, we have been evacuated
 from our home in California
 because of our ancestry although
 we were citizens of
 United States. Because of the
 bitterness toward this evacuation,
 we were persuaded to act unwisely
 while detained. The lack of discretion
 has resulted in broken family with
 gloomy and uncertain future and the
 struggle to make living for my son
 and myself. The unhappy experience
 resolves my husband and I to
 bring up our child as a loyal
 American citizen so that his faith

Will you please, with your great influence and power, help make his release possible? It means so much to our future happiness.

Sincerely yours,
Jimmy Tsuchida.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE
(Rev. 9-13-45)

APPLICATION FOR REPATRIATION
(By alien of enemy nationality under jurisdiction of Immigration and Naturalization Service)

I, Tamotau Tsuchida, also known as _____

residing at Q-69 A-3, Alien Int. Camp, Crystal City, Texas
(Number and street) (City or town) (County) (State)

hereby apply for repatriation as hereinafter indicated.

In support of my application, I submit the following facts:

(1) I was born in Longbe, Calif.
(City or town) (County, district, province, or State) (Country)
on Nov. 24, 1909
(Gregorian calendar) (Japanese calendar)

(2) My nationality is: ☐ German ☐ Italian ☒ Japanese ☐ Dual ☐ Other
(Specify) (Specify)

(3) My profession(s) or occupation(s) is (are) janitor

(4) My last permanent address in the country of which I am a national is 1427 Baker St.
San Francisco, Calif.
(City or town) (County, district, province, or State) (Country)

(5) My address at the time of my apprehension was 1427 Baker St. San Francisco, Ca

(6) My nearest relative in country to which repatriation is desired is _____
(Name)
(Relationship) (Complete address)

(7) My desires regarding repatriation are indicated in the box checked below. (Check and com approximate box.)
I do not desire to repatriate. I wish to remain in the U. S.
☐ I desire to be repatriated to _____ unconditionally and without qualification.
☐ I desire to be repatriated to _____ if possible; otherwise to _____
☐ I desire to be repatriated to _____ ONLY if the persons named below accompany

(8) I desire that the following persons be repatriated with me:
(Each such person, if 18 years of age or over, must submit a separate application.)

NAME	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	COUNTRY OF BIRTH	NATIONALITY	PRESENT ADDRESS
Removal 3/20/46					

(9) The following additional facts or comments are submitted in support of my application:

My wife and children have been released and are now living in California. I wish to remain in the United States so that I can support them and make a home together with them.

WITNESSED:

James H. Anderson
(Signature of petitioner)

Myra P. Anderson
(Signature)

July 10, 1940
(Date)

CERTIFICATE OF REVIEWING OFFICER

I have reviewed the foregoing application for repatriation and believe, for the reasons stated below, that:

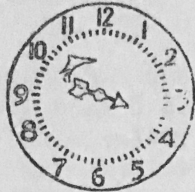
- ☐ The application has outstanding merit.
- ☐ The application has substantial merit.
- ☐ The application has little or no merit.

(REASONS)

E. D. Mc Anderson
(Signature of reviewing officer)

Int. Rel. Off.
(Title)

NOV 12 46 AM

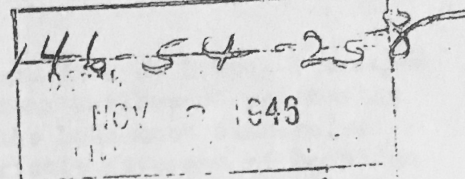


REC'D
ALLEN

Hon. Thomas M. Cooley, II
Director,
Alien Enemy Control Unit
Department of Justice
Washington 25, D. C.

Tamotsu Tom Tsuchida
Q - 68 - A - 3
Alien Internment Camp
Crystal City, Texas

Nov. 1, 1946



Re: Case of Renunciant Tsuchida
Appeal for Release

Honorable Sir,

I, Tamotsu Tsuchida, presently interned at the Alien Internment Camp, Crystal City, Texas, humbly and most earnestly report my self-consciousness as an American Citizen and ask your special reconsideration to give me the earliest chance to leave this camp to step in a new life of Freedom.

I am now deeply regretting many faults and mistakes which I did in my camp life. However, please understand that most of such faults were caused by the dark and miserable passage which I took through my half life.

I was born at Loomis, California on November 24, 1909, and my mother died of disease on May 1, 1910 when I was just a tiny baby of six months. On the following year, I was sent to Japan to be taken care by my uncle. I lived in Japan for 18 years of very gloomy and lonesome life, and came back to my native country on February 16, 1929, because I did not like Japanese daily life, especially I hated so much strong oppressive policy of Japanese Militarism.

I was married with my present wife, Itsuye, on May 1, 1935 and visited my lonely father in Japan on the same month. I came back to this country on September 17, 1935, after staying over there about three months. We have only son, Mitsuki, who was born on 1936, just now ten years old.

I reported to the Selective Service at San Francisco on October 16, 1940 and enlisted in 3-A, on June 11, 1941. If I had been conscribed to the U.S. Army I would have served most faithfully and loyally for the defence of this country, but very unfortunately due to the treacherous attack on the Pearl Harbor, we were ordered to evacuate to the Santa Anita stable on April

Thatched

- 2 -

7, 1942 and then to Topaz Relocation Center, Utah, on October 7, 1942.

I could not understand such forced evacuation when I thought of our right as U.S. Citizen and the brilliant American Spirit of Liberty, Equality and Benevolence, and I could not answer to the Army Loyalty Questionnaire in the Affirmative on February 1943. Quite unexpectedly, I was suddenly arrested on July 10, 1943 and transferred to Leupe, Arizona, forcibly separated from crying child and sorrowful wife but reunited again with my family at Tule Lake on December 5, 1943.

After six months of hard internment life in Leupe, I swore in my mind to be faithful to the American Government and really cooperated to the Camp Authority of Tule Lake most sincerely. I opposed to the Political and Militaristic Movement of Hoshidan openly and so strongly that they called me "dog of W.R.A." At last there was a rumour that my family will be driven out from my own block due to my pro-American attitude.

As you know, in Tule Lake, there were many fanatical demonstration and strong pressure of pro-Japanese groups and they forced to renounce our citizenship by their skillful propaganda and terrible threatening of violence. My wife and child were very much afraid to be attacked by such radical groups and, I was very much ashamed that I could not escape the terrible pressure to renounce my U.S. Citizenship. It really contradicted to my self-conviction and I regretted my carelessness and weakness deeply.

Due to the poor answers at the Mitigation Hearing, I was transferred to this Internment Camp in March 23, 1946 and have lived here about seven months. During the peaceful and harmonious life under very generous policy and warm treatment of this camp authority, my regret and penitence have become stronger.

Now I have perfectly acknowledged many mistakes of the Japanese education which I received for many years. It was too feudalistic and egistic and far from real pacifism or humanism. Japanese news papers and magazines did not teach the true American spirit or bright life of democracy. In such false education and propaganda, I received many evil influences unconsciously. I am very sorry my faults in the past were based upon such false idea.

It will surely be called very lucky that Japanese Militarism totally defeated by the Allied force. Japanese people have gotten freedom from the grips of Militarism and rope of Feudal system. Now we hear that almost all of the Japanese people are respecting General Mac Arthur as a liberator or living God of salvation rather than a conqueror.

Comparing to the Japanese Militarists who ruthlessly demanded the blind obedience of the innocent Japanese people to sacrifice their life to the last minutes, I find a great difference in the noble and humane attitude of General Mac Arthur and I also can not help but respect the General as a living symbol of great American spirit and democracy.

I have found the most excellent leadership of the world peace in America and I expect the peaceful new Japan will be rebuilt by this excellent guidance. I am now proud to be a native American Citizen and furthermore I am ashamed that my mind had been clouded by the false education.

I have now woke up and we are very grateful for the tolerant treatment of our Government to give us a chance to reconsider by ourselves.

I am very sorry that I answered very foolishly at the Renunciation Hearing and Mitigation Hearing. I am bashful and unpleasant even to remind such poor answers again. I only ask your generosity to cancel such poor answers from my record.

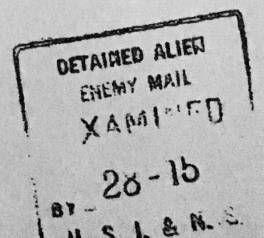
I am now considering, how to respond to the benevolence of this country and how to contribute to the prosperity of the United States. I sincerely ask your kindest advice to be a loyal Citizen of this Country.

My wife and son are living very lonely at 2815 Grant Street, Berkeley, California and anxiously waiting my release day and night. They are, of course, American Citizen. I am feeling big strong sense of responsibility to make them happy in this country.

Please accept my sincere regret and kindly reconsider my case and release me to step in a new life of typical loyal citizen.

Yours very respectfully,

Tamotsu Tom Tsuchida
Tamotsu Tom Tsuchida





JULY 1956

After renting rooms in cramped homes, my grandfather buys their first and only house in Oakland. Assuming that he lost his American citizenship, he puts the house in my dad's name.

1959-1960

The government attempts to return my grandmother's birth certificate to the first house they lived in after camp noting that the renunciation act was not legal and that she (and my grandfather) did not lose their U.S. citizenship. But they had already moved to Oakland at this time. It's unclear if they ever received this letter.

1950S - 1960S

They are reconnected with my grandmother's extended family. and my grandfather stays in touch with the group of men he met in Leupp. My grandmother goes back to cleaning homes and my grandfather works again as a janitor. One of his clients was the Berkeley Yacht Club. My dad would sometimes have to take his dinner to him.





UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ejf

Address Reply to the
Division Indicated
and Refer to Initials and Number

March 28, 1960

GCD:CMR
146-54- 258

noted
Mrs. Itsuye Tsuchida
c/o Mr. Tamotsu Tsuchida
2609 Grove Street
Berkeley, California

Dear Mrs. Tsuchida:

This Department is proceeding to return to persons of Japanese ancestry the birth certificates which they submitted with their applications for renunciation of United States nationality pursuant to Section 401 (1) of the Nationality Act of 1940, as amended, where it has been determined that their citizenship was not lost through such action.

In view of the determination that your renunciation was null, void and without legal effect, you are entitled to the return of your birth certificate. It is returned herewith.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE COCHRAN DOUB
Assistant Attorney General
Civil Division

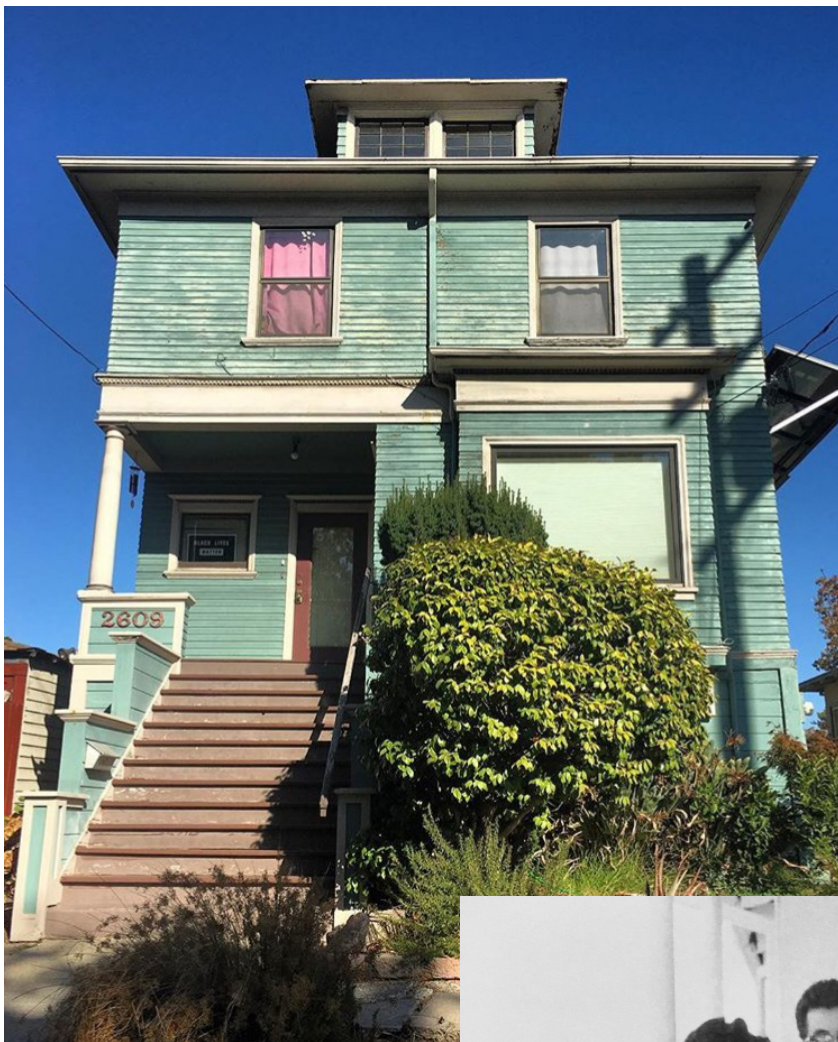
By:

Paul J. Grumbly
Paul J. Grumbly
Special Litigation Counsel

Enclosure

Birth Certificate
Itsuye Okuno
Born: May 11, 1917.

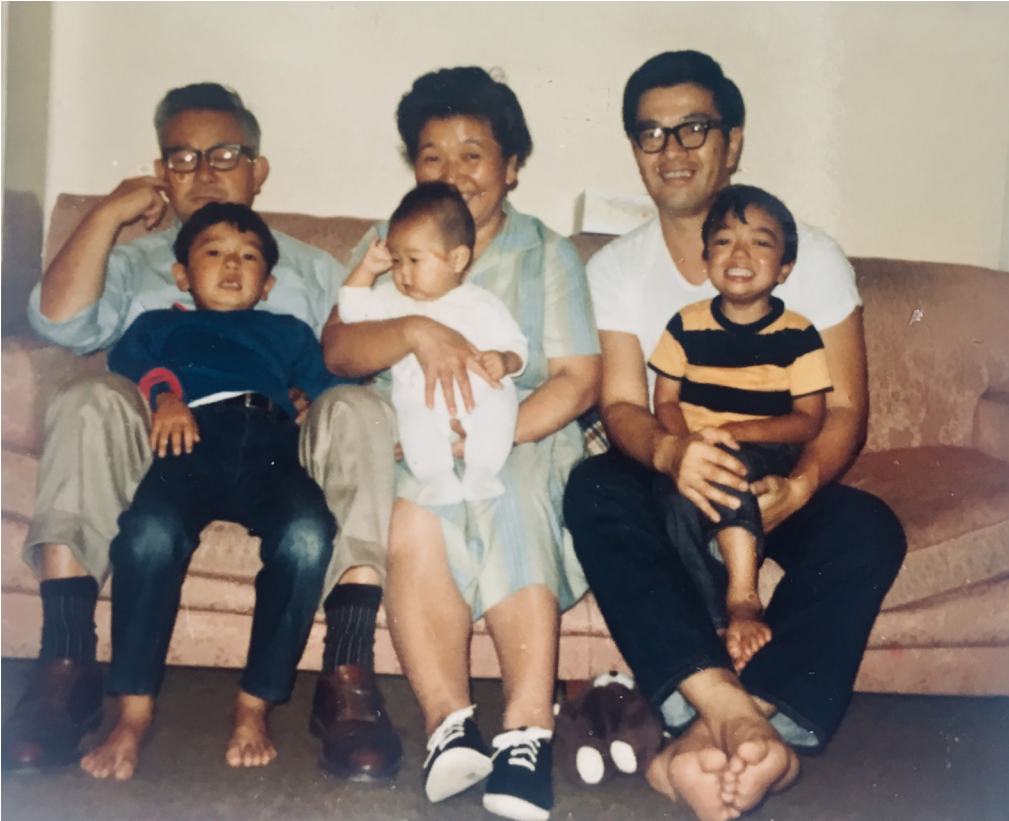
RETRACING THEIR STEPS



2609 GROVE STREET, THEIR
FIRST HOME AFTER CAMP.

MY SISTER PLAYS WITH A DRESSER
THAT MY GRANDFATHER BUILT IN
CAMP.





1960S - 1970S

Their first three grandchildren are born - Yasunori, Akinori, and Tomoko.

AUGUST 12, 1981

My grandfather testifies on his wartime experience in front of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians in San Francisco.

1982

He attends the Tule Lake pilgrimage with friends.





1985

I'm born in 1985, their last grandchild.

AUGUST 10, 1988

The Civil Liberties Act, granting a formal presidential apology and \$20,000 to the surviving Japanese Americans who were incarcerated, is signed by Ronald Reagan.

1990 - 1993

Redress checks are sent out. My grandfather would use his to pay for his own nursing home care.



FEBRUARY 17, 1994

My grandfather passes away at 84 years old.

JUNE 20, 2014

Twenty years later, my grandmother passes at 97 years old.

SEPTEMBER 1, 2018

My dad and I make a personal pilgrimage to Tule Lake, his first time going back.

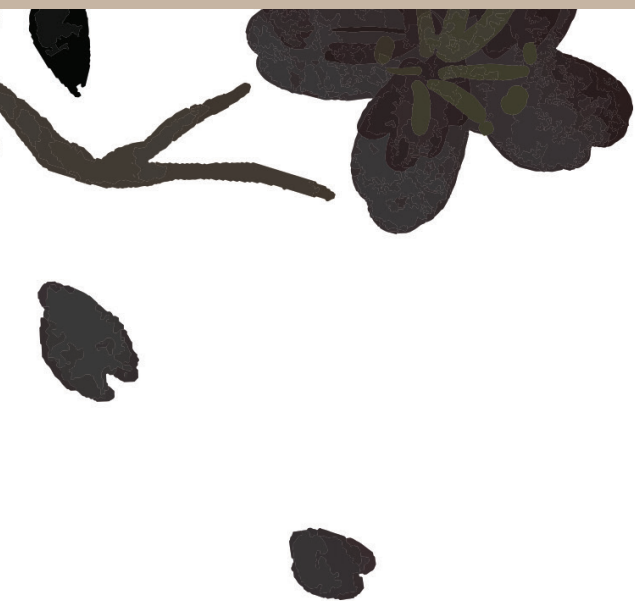


A WORD





TO AN ISSEI



The first letter here, “An Old Issei’s Words” was published in a March issue of the Topaz Times. My grandfather was convinced that the “old Issei” was referring to him and his vocal opposition to the incarceration. But he was more so angry that the writer didn’t attach his name to the article. (This is what sparked the scuffle with Toshio Murata in the mess hall). My grandfather wanted to publish a response to this letter, but the WRA authorities prevented him from exercising free speech, stating that “to publish the letter would only reopen the incident and lead to further unrest and trouble.”

More than seventy years after the fact, I’m publishing his response here.

AN OLD ISSEI'S WORDS

Published
March 10, 1943

Fellow Countrymen (Brethren).....

Show your true "Yamato (Japanese) Spirit!"

One account of the confused and drawn out gatherings and conferences, it has shortened the period of time of registration, however, it was completed on the expected day. We were shocked and very much surprised to see the result of the registration, when we learned that only a few of them were inherited of the true "Yamato Spirit". At a time of the crisis of the nation, they used convenient words to conceal their selfish cowardliness; we regret their lack of intelligence.

When we see the majority of those citizens, in Japan they have claimed their American Citizenship to avoid the duties to serve in the Japanese army and refugeed to their own country, the America. However, the sweet dream was short and the war crisis hit America. When they were asked of their loyalty to their own country, the America, and asked of their duties as a citizen, they were extremely confused and they did not know what to do. Some of them have sacrificed their citizenships and tried to escape the duties of the selective service. Not only do we pity them but we cannot call them a full blooded "Yamato" race. Ah! We cannot pity and despise enough for those cowards.

Some of them swore their loyalty to America and manifested to do their duties as an American but once the critical moment came to America, they were attacked by yellow streak and for an excuse they are saying that they are not going to fight for America without their citizenship rights. They think they are smart to escape from their duties as an American citizen. We would like to ask them how they could be so cowardly if the blood of the "Yamato" race flows in their bodies. Do they know the Constitution of America and its true meaning? Think it over, fellows! It is the duty and spirit of the man who inherited the "Yamato Spirit" to gladly sacrifice his life for his country. They are citizens of America and by American Constitution, they have their citizenship rights.

I ask them again that if they are truly asking for their citizenship rights, why did they not ask for it before the mass evacuation? They were so confused at the time that they left their homes and properties behind them and evacuated helplessly like those steer and horses driven to the slaughter house, didn't they?

Some sympathizer who pitied them, petitioned to the War Relocation Authority to regain their citizenship rights, didn't they? If the majority of the citizens truly understood the "Yamato Spirit", they would have stood up for their country without any hesititation, but those pitiful people acted like a

LEUPP

- 2 -

flock of crows and lost the best opportunity which may come once in a thousand years. They ruined the future of "Yamato" race and caused the race a shame to the generations to come. It is hard to express in the words! Ah! it is the manifestation of their cowardliness.

It was fortunate to have a few who showed their "Yamato Spirit" and their hearts burn with loyalty to their country, the America. They inherited the fine quality of "Yamato" race and manifested by volunteering in the American combat troop. They are loyal to their country and represent the fine and noble quality of "Yamato" race and set a good example of our race for years to come. We are asking them again to think it over carefully.

Following the mass evacuation, there were two or three hundred people who applied for the repatriation, however, the Japanese government gave permission to mere twenty or thirty people. There is proof that the Japanese government has already forgotten about us.

Wake up, everybody, whose hearts are burning with the "Yamato Spirit"! Let us get together and stand up to show the whole world our fine quality and weed out the cowardly element. Let us complete our loyalty with life for our own country. These are my words.

LEUPP

TRANSLATION OF JAPANESE INTO ENGLISH

I appreciate your opinion; it impressed me very deeply.

It is an undeniable fact that your recently published opinion has caused repercussions in unexpected quarters.

Last week I met with the editor in chief, who had taken charge of publishing your statement, in order to learn from him the identity of "the old issei"; but to my disappointment, he quibbled and did not reveal the name.

Firstly, I may state to "the old issei" that although he professes "Yamato Damashi" by constantly repeating this word, its true essence could not be explained by such a silly argument as that of yours.

The writer is free to hold back his name in a printed publication but his name should be clearly mentioned on the manuscript, a customary practice observed by every writer.

Furthermore, the editor should be held responsible for the context of the writing. Then, why and for what reason are you unable to disclose your name? I should hope to know the answer.

You are taking us kibeis as a whole, as a spineless lot. But among all the kibeis and niseis, there exists not a single one so cowardly as you. In your proximity you might have found one or two who evaded conscription in Japan; but it is a great error to point to all the kibeis as such and to criticize them broadly from that point of view. I hope you will consider these points for the sake of your own future.

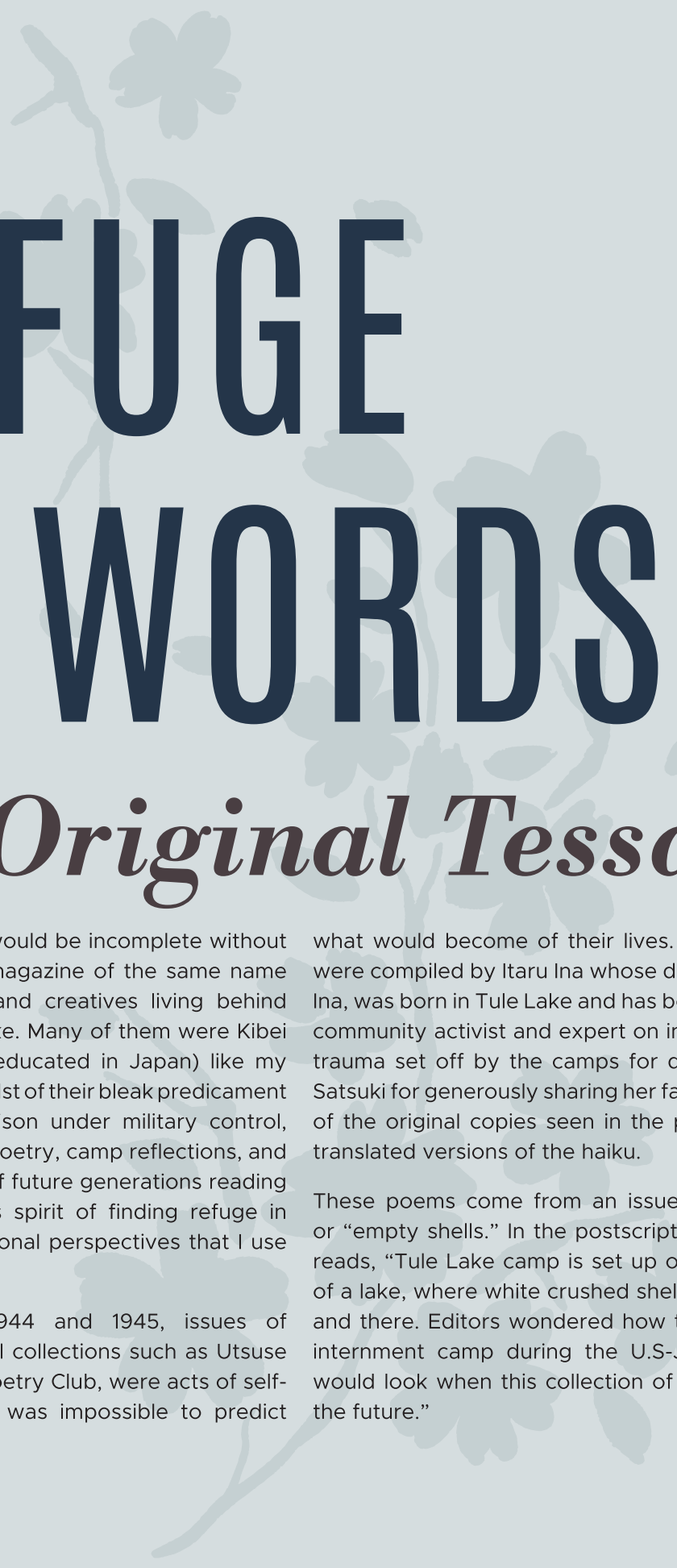
Why did we have to answer "no" in the registration? Why does the government ask foolish questions which have to be answered in the negative?

I was the central figure in the fist-flying violence which came to pass over your statement. You reiterate "Yamato Damashi" and "Universal Brotherhood" after every other word. But who is this scoundrel throwing Topaz in disorder? It was on account of you that a person, an unfortunate bystander, was victimized in that riot last week. If the nature of "Yamato Damashi" is such that you do not want to argue, it is befitting that you apologize to the victim and come out with your name in public to show you are not and be instigated by a certain party who is like a petty thief.

If you threaten us on the strength of your Caucasian backing, we have justice on our side; we will risk our lives for the sake of justice, we will fight unto death.

I submit the above statement with due respect to Messrs. Oki and Akiya's advice that words be met with words.

(signed) T. Tsuchida



REFUGE IN WORDS

The Original Tessaku

This issue of Tessaku would be incomplete without honoring the original magazine of the same name published by writers and creatives living behind barbed wire in Tule Lake. Many of them were Kibei (born in the U.S. but educated in Japan) like my grandparents. In the midst of their bleak predicament inside the harshest prison under military control, they began collecting poetry, camp reflections, and essays with the hope of future generations reading their work. It is in this spirit of finding refuge in words and saving personal perspectives that I use the Tessaku name.

Published between 1944 and 1945, issues of Tessaku, and additional collections such as Utsuse Gai by the Tule Lake Poetry Club, were acts of self-determination when it was impossible to predict

what would become of their lives. The haiku here were compiled by Itaru Ina whose daughter, Satsuki Ina, was born in Tule Lake and has been a prominent community activist and expert on intergenerational trauma set off by the camps for decades. I thank Satsuki for generously sharing her father's collection of the original copies seen in the photos, and the translated versions of the haiku.

These poems come from an issue of Utsuse Gai, or "empty shells." In the postscript, the translation reads, "Tule Lake camp is set up on the filled land of a lake, where white crushed shells are seen here and there. Editors wondered how their lives in the internment camp during the U.S.-Japan upheaval would look when this collection of haiku is read in the future."

Tsune no kao
Mina soroetari
Jimuhajime

First office day of the year--
all the regular faces
line up.

Oboroyo no
Hito maboroshi no
Gotoku yuki

On a misty moonlight night,
people walk
like phantoms

Nagaki hi ya
Mui no inochi no
Oshimaruru

Long spring day--
a do-nothing life
makes me feel sad

Shuntoka
Ko no katakoto no
Sozarai

Under the spring lamplight,
I give my baby-talking child
a full lesson.

A NOTE ON THE HAIKU TRANSLATIONS: AS I DON'T HAVE ACCESS TO THE ORIGINAL COPY OF TESSAKU, I'M UNABLE TO INCLUDE THE AUTHORS' NAMES OR THE POETRY IN ITS ORIGINAL KANJI AND HIRAGANA.

キャンプの中を歩いてみると、子供が頭を下げてよく挨拶してくれる。子供は自然に前に折れるのを見ると、可愛い気がしてくる。

巻頭言 修身教室 つまらぬもの

短歌 高原 鉄柵 隔離所 宵詠

投稿と編輯 史實を探ねて

詩 感傷 湖底吟 廢園の像

壇 火影

文化寸評

俳句 伴文 三週階 出發時夜

創作 文庫 三週階 出發時夜

水戸川 光雄 四二五

廣小路 敏雄 一五二

樋江井 良二 六二

坂本 正雄 三二

山城 清一 一二

高井 有象 一〇

伊藤 正一 一八

仁熊 登美子 一七

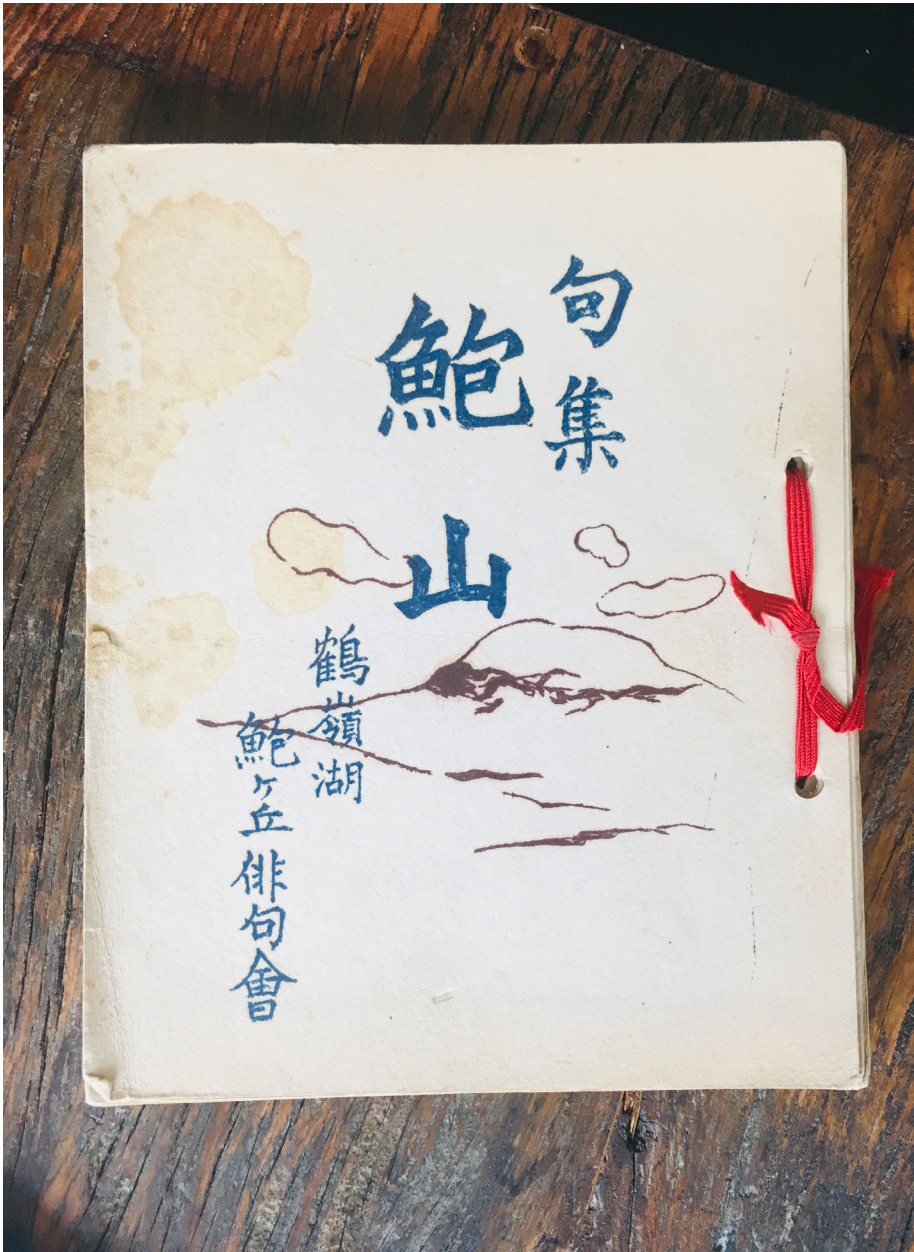
森本 田鶴子 一六

泊本 良彦 一四

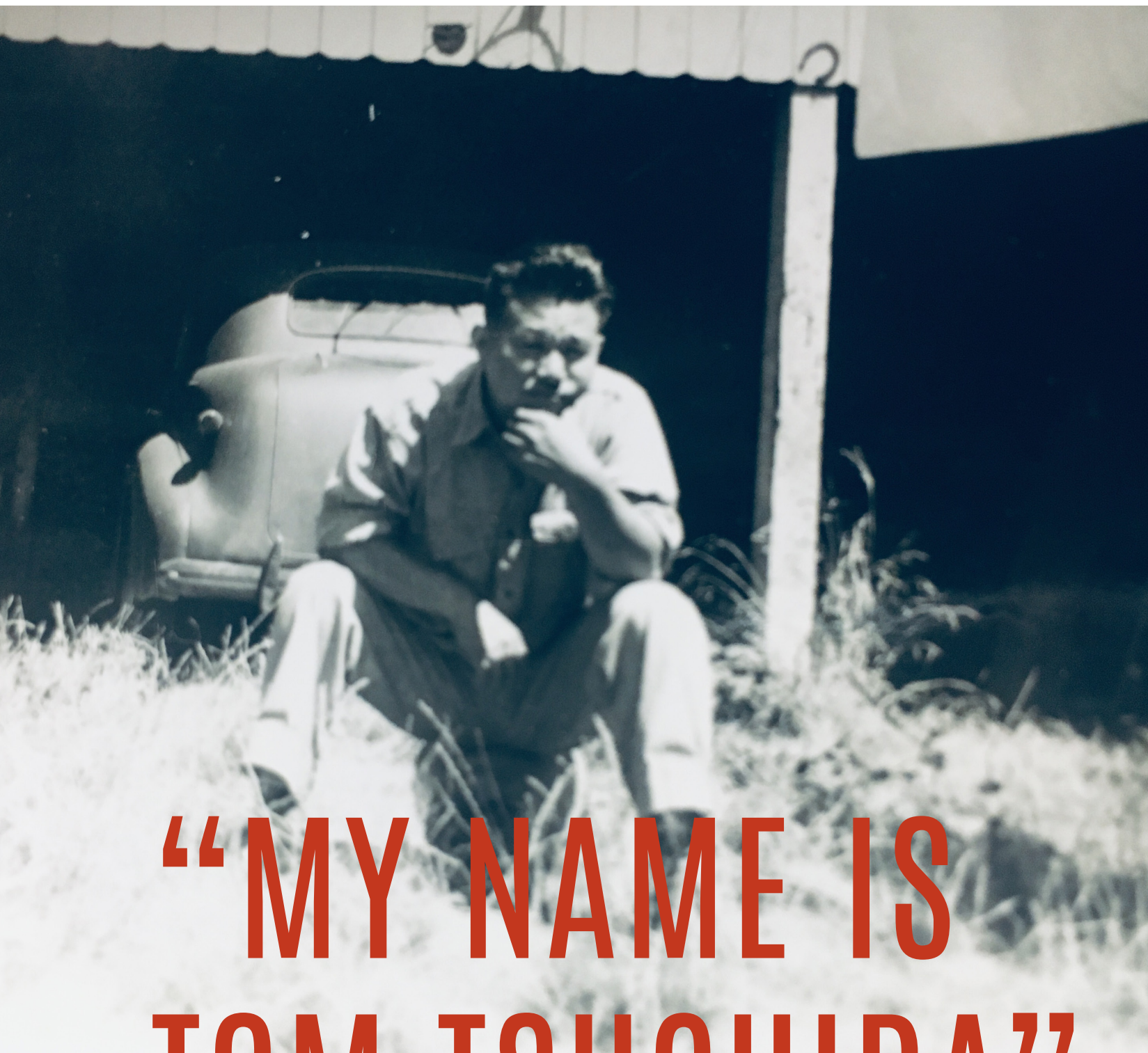
加川 文一 一六

井阿 之雨 二

TABLE OF CONTENTS FROM A 1944 PUBLICATION OF TESSAKU



THE COVER OF ANOTHER COLLECTION. THE LARGEST KANJI IN THE MIDDLE READ "AWABI YAMA" OR ABALONE MOUNTAIN. THE SMALLER KANJI TO ITS LEFT READ FROM TOP TO BOTTOM: CRANE, MOUNTAIN RANGE, LAKE, TRANSLATING PHONETICALLY TO "TSURU REIKO" OR TULE LAKE.



**IN THE LATE SUMMER OF 1981 AT
72 YEARS OLD, MY GRANDFATHER
GAVE A PASSIONATE TESTIMONY IN
FRONT OF A ROOM FULL OF JAPANESE
AMERICANS AND A PANEL OF REDRESS
COMMISSIONERS IN SAN FRANCISCO AT
GOLDEN GATE UNIVERSITY.**

Formally known as the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Citizens, these hearings would set in motion the high-level government support needed to secure a formal presidential apology and \$20,000 to each of the surviving Japanese Americans, known as the Civil Liberties Act of 1988. Tragically, many of the people most severely impacted by imprisonment - first generation Issei and community elders - had already passed. For more information on the Civil Liberties Act and the history of the commission, you can visit Densho's online encyclopedia which has a concise summary: https://encyclopedia.densho.org/Civil_Liberties_Act_of_1988/

Up until this year, I didn't even know how to get a hold of my grandfather's testimony, though my dad knew he had gone before the commission. But I was just taking stabs in the dark to track it down, until a tremendous stroke of luck and generosity on part of Bay Area Nikkei activists like

Satsuki Ina and others who were actually present at the hearings allowed me to find it. I welcome you to listen to his testimony audio, which he gave entirely in Japanese, and read the English translation. Type this link into your browser and feel free to follow along or listen at a later time: <https://app.box.com/v/TomTsuchida>

Even if you can't understand it, it's moving to listen to a few minutes of his voice, to get a sense of his conviction, to feel the tension and pressure of this moment. This is especially moving for our family because this is the only recording we have of my grandfather's voice, and likely the most complex story that we have in his own words, not misconstrued by a government document. My dad remarked that he had never heard his father speak so quickly and confidently. I believe that after listening to this, he was able to find some closure with his own father: A principled, proud, and complicated man who was deeply changed by this experience.

Commissioner William Marutani: “I must say that that statement was shorter than some of the English ones we had.” [audience laughs] Alright, Tamotsu Tsuchida. Interpreter Frances Nose.”

[Spoken in English] “Yeah my name is Tom Tsuchida. I came from Oakland. I would like to say to English but I’d like to say to Japanese because that is easier to me.”

[Spoken in Japanese] “On July 24, 1981, the San Francisco Chronicle reported that a lawyer for the 52 individuals held as hostages [at the U.S. Embassy] in Iran [during the Iran hostage crisis] was seeking financial restitution from the U.S. government of \$1,000 per day that they were held in captivity. Upon reading this article, it occurred to me that [this type of compensation] should be central to our discussions.

This is because what we are discussing is human motivation and human rights. If the government unilaterally delivers a verdict that isn’t satisfactory to us Japanese Americans, the government will be placing a black mark on the Constitution. It was said that the U.S. government forcibly removed all persons of Japanese ancestry from the Pacific Coast due to military necessity. But in my opinion, the idea that the [forced removal] was out of military necessity is but one view and does not get at the heart of the real reason [why this action was taken]. [The government’s actions] were focused solely on those of Japanese ancestry and the primary causes for the forced removal was racial antipathy and discrimination as well as economic reasons.

Looking back to that time and U.S.-Japan relations, it could be said that the U.S. was not in a strong position. The possibility that the Japanese military could invade the Pacific Coast was not inconceivable. And if such a landing occurred on the Pacific Coast, the danger that the 110,000 so-called “Japs” living there might coordinate with the Japanese military was a possibility. From the perspective of the American public and American national security to permit those of Japanese ancestry to remain on the coast was too dangerous. Therefore, anyone drawing Japanese blood, both Issei and American-citizen Nisei alike, were treated as undesirable “Japs.” This view was widely disseminated to the general public.



Although there were some highly-placed individuals who questioned this policy, it would have taken extraordinary courage to directly oppose this [policy of forced removal]. Indeed, some of the audacious statements here at the commission hearings by those who did not experience the incarceration, living in the free zones during the war, should not represent how the majority of the Japanese had to experience the camps.

At the time, the United States was at war with the three nations of Germany, Italy, and Japan. The fact that only the Japanese experienced the forced removal

begs the question of whether or not German or Italian heritage were less of a threat to the nation. Indeed, it is clear that the primary reasons for the incarceration was racial prejudice and the effort to economically ruin those of Japanese ancestry. The U.S. government must have known that in a post-war era, there would one day be a political reckoning about the government's wartime actions. It was obvious that if a particular ethnic group was targeted, the government would need to take responsibility for such discriminatory action and pay restitution. Their calculation must have been that if they equally

incarcerated all those of German and Italian heritage alongside the Japanese, since their numbers are ten times larger than the Japanese community, [it would have been a major problem]. The fact that from the general public's viewpoint, the Germans and Italians were not viewed negatively like the Japanese [must also have played a role in the government's calculations]. That white people are valued more in America is evidenced yet again in the recent calls for restitution for those who experienced the [Iran] hostage captivity.



Using the excuse of military necessity to only target the Japanese – and not the Germans or Italians – is reflected in the statements from that era by U.S. Senators, such as the one who claimed that the “Japs” would without exception aid the enemy Japanese or those who called for a ban on the Japanese to return to the Pacific coast after the war. These discriminatory statements were not directly challenged by anyone. [This general attitude] can also be found in the many cases of Japanese who had to store their valuable possessions in the basements of white landlords, who after the war, who negotiated hard terms for their return or didn’t return the stored items at all.

In April 7, 1942, as part of the first wave of the forcible removal, I was housed in a horse stable at the Santa Anita racetracks in Southern California. When I was finally released from imprisonment on November 27, 1946 and returned to my former home, the storage items that I hadn’t been able to sort out before the forced removal that I had entrusted to a white individual were not returned. Even though I made many requests, not a single item that I had stored was returned to me.

During the roughly four years of incarceration, there were also many troubling incidents in many of the camps. In each case, the blame was always placed on the Japanese for causing these incidents, but the seeds of each of these incidents was not planted by the Japanese. Indeed, at its roots, was the political incarceration of the Japanese that violated the Geneva Conventions in many respects. And in between the U.S. government and the Japanese were lurking bad individuals, who essentially sucked the blood out of the Japanese.

Even something like the menu of the mess hall [could be cited as an example of the problem between what's on paper and reality]. On the evening of November 4, 1943, Whites with a large truck are discovered loading and stealing foodstuff meant for the Japanese at the warehouse. The big disturbances that followed or the white groups that came for revenge were all blamed on the Japanese.





Other incidents, such as at Tule Lake, like the large-scale stealing of goods meant for the Japanese, discovered due to a car accident at Klamath Falls, showed white individuals were stealing and selling things, including new tires, on the black market. These were items which should rightly have gone to the Japanese. In October 1943, a truck at Tule Lake taking those going out to work on a farm overturned, killing two and injuring many. The reason for this accident is said to have been the old and worn

tires on this truck. There should have been plenty of supplies and goods for the Japanese that had actually been ordered by the government, but they never got to the Japanese. When those severely injured in the truck accident were rushed to the camp's hospital, the medical equipment was totally lacking to deal with this kind of situation. This Tule Lake incident ignited the anger of the Japanese. Yet when this incident is related to the public, the Japanese alone are blamed. Imagine if the

victims of the truck accident were White. Do you think the rationale of “military necessity” would have been invoked then? If it were your wife or child who had to go to the [camp] hospital only to find a total lack of proper supplies, would you say that the incarceration was just an unfortunate consequence of war? All this, while the government had actually requisitioned adequate supplies and goods for the Japanese.

“MY NAME IS TOM TSUGHIDA”

Sixteen years ago, I experience seven incidents of robbery. I went to the police to report these crimes, even noting to them the individual I was certain was involved in the robbery. But they refused to move forward against that individual, saying that mere accusations against an individual without evidence might put the police department in jeopardy of false arrest. Is this police view of the presumption of innocence something enshrined in the Constitution?

If that's the case, then the forcible removal of the Japanese from the coast should have required evidence of wrong-doing and subterfuge by the Japanese. Was there any such evidence of dangerousness on the part of the Japanese? Of course, there was no such evidence, but simply discrimination against the Japanese as an ethnic group.

Shouldn't someone take responsibility for this kind of discrimination? I submit that the \$25,000 per individual that we Japanese are demanding of the U.S. government is not unreasonable.

Thank you.

“MY NAME IS TOM TSUCHIDA”



MY DEEPEST GRATITUDE TO DR. DUNCAN WILLIAMS, A PROFESSOR IN RELIGION AND EAST ASIAN LANGUAGES AND CULTURES AT USC, FOR TAKING THE TIME TO METICULOUSLY AND THOUGHTFULLY TRANSLATE MY GRANDFATHER'S TESTIMONY. DR. WILLIAMS HAS A BOOK COMING OUT IN FEBRUARY 2019 ON THE HISTORY OF THE BUDDHIST LEADERS WHO WERE ROUNDED UP AND TARGETED FOLLOWING PEARL HARBOR CALLED *AMERICAN SUTRA*.

QUESTIONS FOR THE COMMUNITY

What do you wish you could have asked your parents or grandparents?

"I would have asked about their lives in Japan. What were their most fond memories of childhood? Just everything."

KATHE HASHIMOTO

"I would've asked my grandparents what it was like when they left Minidoka for New York. If they found a community of other Nikkei that left camp on terms of employment. I myself moved to New York when I was 18 and I wish I could've asked them what it was like to be there fifty years before. If they spent their time in the same museums and parks that I did, where they found Japanese groceries, what the subways were like."

ANNIE SOGA

"I think I would ask how they found the courage to come home. The amount of discrimination and hatred must have been suffocating. That or maybe what was the hardest part of it all? I also wouldn't mind just sitting back and listening to stories all day long."

ALAN HINO

"I am grateful that my grandmothers both talked about Minidoka when I and their other granddaughters asked. They told us matter of fact details about life in camp but I wish I had asked about their feelings. So many questions."

ERIN SHIGAKI

"How did you learn to trust again?' I try to imagine myself in the same position and I simply cannot. I am not made of the same stuff."

JASON BAKER

What questions do you wish you could you ask, and do you still have a chance to?

Submit your questions and thoughts by emailing emiko@tessaku.com or send me a message on Instagram at [@tessakuproject](https://www.instagram.com/tessakuproject) and I will include it in the upcoming issue.



ABOUT TESSAKU

Tessaku is a collection of stories from Japanese Americans who lived through WWII. The word itself means iron fence, roughly translated to barbed wire: Tetsu 鉄 is iron, and saku 柵 is fence.

This project began solely to preserve my family history. I started to record conversations with my dad about his experience in camp, and this project eventually snowballed into something greater than just me and my dad: I wanted to hear everybody's story. With the community shrinking in size (the majority of people alive today were children or teenagers in the camps), I feel the pressure of time to collect more, and soon.

My hope is that this brings to light more stories of from our community, perhaps illuminating some that haven't yet been told with a new perspective of intimate and honest conversation. It certainly can't be done alone and my reach is only so far. If you have a friend or family member whose story you'd like share with Tessaku, please send me a note at emiko@tessaku.com. If you want to contribute in another major way and be a producer of this project, you can become a monthly patron by visiting patreon.com/tessaku.

Thank you for reading, for sharing, for keeping this precious and important history alive for future generations to come.



DEDICATION + CREDITS

My deepest thank yous to all my patrons who have helped Tessaku make it this far - your impact ensures that these stories are saved and shared.

JESSIKA ALBRECHT
LAURA AND DALILA ALLENBY
MICHELLE BOOTH
ALEX CATCHINGS
ANNE AND ALAN FURUYA
GRETCHEN GIBBS
AMELIA GROHMAN
HOLLY AND MARK INABA
ALAN INOUE
DOUG ITO
MARY AND MICHAEL
MCCAFFREY

ADINA MORI-HOLT
GOH NAKAMURA
KAZ NAKANISHI
PATTY PFORTE
PATTY PIMENTAL
KRISTIN ERIKO POSNER
JACK SEMURA
ANNIE SOGA
MEGAN STEFFEN
DAVID TANAKA
NANCI AND MIKKI TSUCHIDA

A most grateful thank you to my visionary logo and magazine designer, Stefanie Yniguez.

Arigato gozaimasu to the hardworking activists and academics who have paved the way for camp descendants to reconnect with their family stories: Satsuki Ina, Duncan Williams, Marlene Tonai, June Hibino, Donna Kotake, Eddie Wong, and Lewis Kawahara.

Mary Hiromoto - thank you for being a vital link to grandma's family tree and all those precious family photos.

Thank you to my family and Goh Nakamura - your love and belief in this is the air I breathe.

Grandma and grandpa - we wish you were here. You are never forgotten.

Dad - there would be no Tessaku without you. Thank you for being my translator, fact-checker, promoter, and forever inspiration. This is all for you.